THE
COMMONWEAL

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AN ENDOCRINE ABSURDITY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE gave voice to the sentiment of the whole country when he made an address of welcome and approval to the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the opening of its recent meeting in Washington. All intelligent people are in sympathy with scientific research and rejoice over the progress of knowledge of nature and human nature. The saying that "we all need Truth" may be endorsed without qualification as also the scientific spirit which gives "encouragement in the quest for it."

It is necessary, however, to be very clear in our ideas as to what truth is. As respects any set of phenomena there are apt to be two or three sorts of truth or phases of truth. There is, first of all, the physical truth which is mainly a matter of observation and which is the legitimate affair of science. The correlation of the observed facts and inductions from them, so long as they remain within the material range are intellectually justifiable and, when the reasoning is sound conclusions of high practical utility may result.

But the physical facts never explain anything outside the material sphere. The common newspaper headline which proclaims that Bohr's theory of atoms solves the mystery of the universe is an error of the vulgarest type. Of course the new atomic theory solves nothing. It simply carries the mystery one step further back. Instead of asking what is matter, we now have to ask what is the atom? And when we have the new electrical explanation of the atom the next question is—What is electricity?

Behind the physical truth there always remains a metaphysical question, to the answering of which human observation and human reasoning are quite inadequate. For instance the pretence that the new theory of relativity abolishes infinite space is an absurdity akin to Bunthorne's proposition in the Gilbertian operetta—"Let us think of nothing at all." The

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human mind simply cannot grasp the idea of a limit to space. We may not be able to compass infinity in our minds, but we cannot conceive of the universe without it.

But under and beyond metaphysical speculation and the faint light on truth it affords us, there is a real field of mystery to which we have no clue in ourselves. In this there is no truth save theological doctrine. The human intellect has no capacity for its problems and must accept determination of them on authority.

One of the truths which must be taken on authority —backed by an innate and undying instinct in ourselves —is the belief in the existence in the universe of spirit as apart from matter, of soul as independent of the body, of spirit, of soul, as dealing with matter and using it as its instrument in some manner which we cannot explain but which is coextensive with all experience.

In the search for truth there can be no worse straying than the attempt to explain away the existence of the spirit, to deny the independence of the soul by making it a function of matter like combustion or gravitation. The association of the soul in this world with matter is unquestionable; we cannot understand the working of the combination, though we know it exists. But it is infinitely easier to acknowledge the relation which exists than to believe that senseless matter and blind force can flower into the miracles of sense perception, of reasoning, of emotion, all the glories of consciousness and conception of the divine in Heaven and earth.

Such false and subversive theories are the direct result of confounding mere phenomena with basic reality. They result from the acceptance of mechanistic operations as the same thing as physical processes, and as completely explanatory of what is actually unknowable in the scheme of things. It is the cheap refuge of shallow thinkers, setting up what they can master, however limited, for the truth which is too vast, too abstruse for human ken. It is the misfortune of quasi-science. Nothing can be more destructive of true knowledge. There is, obviously, no reason why the physical aspects of existence should not be investigated in the scientific way and the results placed on record. The deadly fallacy lies in assuming that the ascertained material facts constitute a logical explanation of immaterial phenomena linked to them, in asserting that physical reaction and its mental and spiritual accompaniment are identical or that the latter is in any sense the product of the former.

A glaring and painful example of this wholly unwarranted presumption was furnished at this very session in Washington, the day after President Coolidge's address. When Dr. Louis Berman elaborated his theory of a "chemical soul," making human personality a product of the action of the endocrine glands, he presented to the world not a discovery, but a short sighted deduction, calculated to do infinite moral harm. His announcement falls into the same class with Moleschott's famous saying "ohne Phosphor kein Gedanken," which John Fiske in one of his essays pronounces to be, perhaps, the most foolish thing that ever was said.

This judgment of Dr. Berman's dictum does not necessarily involve denial or contradiction of his observations as to the action of the secretions of the endocrine glands upon other organs of the body, including the brain and nervous system. They may be entirely true and may constitute an important step in physiology. But it has been known for many years—nobody, in fact, questions it—that thought, feeling, impulse, emotion are always accompanied by the oxidation of phosphorus in the body, just as consumption of carbon and hydrogen accompany muscular action. But what the relation between the chemical occurrence in either case and the simultaneous exercise of thought or will may be, nobody knows, nobody can imagine. It remains a mystery of life, wholly unexplained, as is the production of beauty through variation in the lengths of light waves or music through differences in air waves, or the nature of gravitation.

The error underlying Dr. Berman's and similar inductions is that of science reaching out beyond its legitimate bounds and trying to merge the intangible, the unknowable, with the material, the ponderable, the legitimate objects of sense observation. It is the attempt to merge the metaphysical in the physical, obviously an absurd enterprise.

Unfortunately the effects of such false reasoning cannot be dismissed as easily as the unwarranted doctrines themselves. By undermining the belief of weak and less informed minds in the transcendental aspects of existence, they are promotive of pessimism, they tend to take the beauty and goodness out of life, they operate to minimize the sense of duty. Not only in respect to the higher aspirations of the soul are they subversive, but even in the practical field of every-day morals, they work to degrade if not to eliminate sound motives. Of what compelling force are endocrine ethics?

Let science restrain itself to the determination of facts; spiritual interpretation of material phenomena is a wholly independent field of truth seeking.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

MISS KATHERINE MAYO has published in the Philadelphia Public Ledger a note supposedly of explanation in regard to the outrageously offensive statements made by her in one of her Philippine articles now being syndicated throughout the country. Instead of really explaining the matter Miss Mayo's note only adds to the burden of complaint which all fair-minded readers, no matter of what religious persuasion they may be, must justly hold not only against Miss Mayo but against the responsible editors who permitted her blasphemous paragraphs to pass through their hands and be spread before millions of readers throughout the country. The Commonweal referred to this matter in last week's issue. The offensive paragraphs appeared in the New York Evening Post on Friday, December 26. Disagreeable as it is to treat of the matter any further, it is necessary to hark back to what was said last week in order that readers may understand that The Commonweal is animated by no desire to continue the discussion of so disagreeable a theme, but is obliged to do so in view of the inadequate reply made by Miss Mayo to the flood of letters of complaint which were received by the Philadelphia Public Ledger. In the particular article in question Miss Mayo dealt with what she declared to be "the utterly deplorable moral conditions existing among the Filipinos." She then proceeded to write as follows—"When the Queen of Heaven, according to official count, has three synchronous spouses, one of whom is her own son, why should the spirit of mortal be proud to assume a stricter virtue? The churches deplore moral breaches but little extra loss of credit appears to follow the most flagrant of these. Or if notice be taken of them it is rather for political convenience." In other words Miss Mayo attributed to the influence of the Catholic Church, even to its official teaching, the deplorable moral conditions which she asserts prevail among the Filipinos. The only authority given in her article for her utterly preposterous statement was a "Novena de Santo Domingo de Guzman, Manila, 1913." In her note to the editor of the Public Ledger Miss Mayo disclaims any intention of insulting Catholic principles, and refers to the offensive paragraphs as "a statement made in a tract published in Manila and cited in my book." She does not, however, give the name of the tract, and the paragraph as printed in the Public Ledger—and in the New York Evening Post—was not enclosed in quotation marks nor was it stated that it was reproduced from any other source. The paragraph contained nothing to indicate that it had been "borrowed" or used in support of Miss Mayo's position. Even if it had so been used, it would hardly have lessened Miss Mayo's responsibility in the matter—nor that of the newspaper editors who let her statements pass for publication.

THIS is not the first time that Miss Mayo has been accused with apparent good reason of giving an anti-Catholic bias to her articles. Some years ago an article by Miss Mayo dealing with the work of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, published in the Saturday Evening Post (owned by the Curtis Publishing Company, which also controls the Public Ledger and the New York Evening Post) referred in a distinctly odious manner to a well-known and respected Catholic priest. Her references were proven to be at variance with the facts as established by public court records at the time. Two years later the Saturday Evening Post published what was presumed to be an apology, or at least an explanation, for that particular incident.

THE Commonweal would certainly not accuse Miss Katherine Mayo of deliberately injecting, for personal reasons, anti-Catholic bias into her writings. We cannot pretend to look into Miss Mayo's mind and authoritatively pronounce upon her motives. But undoubtedly she can be accused of making use hastily and without proper investigation of absolutely untrustworthy and preposterous material not only offensive to good taste but most injurious because it creates a totally unfair conception of the influence of Catholicity in the Philippine Islands. It is always hopeless to try to catch up a lie or a libel with its correction. The whole episode illustrates vividly the point made by The Commonweal a few weeks ago in dealing with the silly travesty of Catholic doctrine written by Mr. E. V. Lucas and published in the Ladies' Home Journal—also, by the way, a Curtis publication. The point was the responsibility resting upon the editors of all journals as well as upon writers. In the case of

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Mr. Lucas there was no question of any malice; it was simply a case of startling and almost stupendous ignorance. But his manuscript, and the manuscript of Miss Katherine Mayo, must have been read by at least five or six if not more responsible editors or employees of the periodicals in which their articles appeared. Nevertheless these periodicals permitted the publication of ludicrously false and abominably malicious travesties of some of the most fundamental religious beliefs held sacred by Catholics and respected at least by all unbigoted and fair-minded Christians. The Commonweal finds it a disagreeable task to deal with these continually recurring episodes, but apparently it is only by calling the attention of the public to the responsibility of editors and writers, in such instances, that there seems to be any hope for the reformation so devoutly to be desired.

WHY should those persons who devote their lives to the study of science be called "scientists" or "men (or women) of science?" It is a question which has recently been debated in the columns of Nature, the leading English journal dealing with scientific topics, and the recent meeting of "scientists" in Washington lends fresh pertinence to the theme. We might begin by asking what exactly we mean by "science," but that would take us too far afield. We know what we mean, roughly at least, when we use that word; what are we to call those who spend their lives dealing with it? Sir Ray Lankester, who must by this time be pretty nearly the Nestor of this branch, is quite against "scientist" and indeed, as he aptly remarks, the fact that "the eminent scientist Barney Bunkum is already flourishing in the United States and in English newspapers," and usually applies to himself that term, is some justification for the disuse of it. Professor D'Arcy Thompson, witty son of a witty father, dislikes the word too, partly as he admits, because it makes him think of the so-called "Christian" group of "Scientists," and that aspect of the case causes Sir Oliver Lodge to revolt also from the term. Professor Wildon Carr protests against it, as a philosopher, holding that "it debases the currency." On the other hand, it is pointed out that so long ago as 1840, Whewell, who was distinguished both in literary and scientific lines, said—"We need very much a name to describe a cultivator of science in general. I should incline to call him a scientist," and others take the view that the word is useful and what is more that it has come to stay. "Man of science" is undoubtedly cumbrous and has to be modified to cover the very numerous women workers in various branches of natural knowledge. "Scientist" it must be admitted, is an ugly word and tarred with some ugly associations—but can we do better? It seems difficult to find a substitute.

THE recent meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association in Philadelphia, where a satisfactory increase of the membership was reported, and the entire proceedings were ample proofs of the vitality and purposeful work of this organization, calls attention afresh to the growing importance of history as a factor in the reconstruction of society, that greatest task of the civilized world. Several of the chief addresses—notably those of Dr. Peter Guilday, Father Betten, S.J., and Henry Jones Ford—stressed this feature of the work of the association. Modern historical research, following sound scientific methods, seeks more and more to establish the writing and the teaching of history upon documentary evidence. Highly important as literary eloquence and pictorial power in mere writing are as agents in the dissemination of history, it is clear that these great gifts are dangerous when used by writers uncertain of the facts of history, and seeking rather to support personal or prejudiced ideas than solely intent upon discovering and spreading truth. At the same time, it is undeniable that many historical students are much better qualified to conduct research, and collate material, than to convey their knowledge in attractive and, therefore, effective form. There is something of a gulf between the general reader and the scientific historian. That gulf—as H. G. Wells and other brilliant writers have amply shown—can readily be bridged by writers who take their facts from others and mold them in a readable fashion. Far too often, however, this popularization of history has been in the interest of unsound and untruthful or merely theoretical views of the subject. The combination of literary attractiveness and dependable facts is rarely met with. A committee of the American Catholic Historical Association is now at work in coöperation with the editors of The Commonweal upon the details of a plan intended to be at least a step in the direction of bringing about an alliance between the forces of scholarship, the science of history, and the forces of literary expression. It is hoped that an announcement of the plan may soon be made by The Commonweal.

THE need that exists for the strengthening of the historical side of American Catholic scholarship and education was tersely put by Dr. Guilday. While it is true, he said, that much commendable work has lately been done by American Catholic historians, Dr. Guilday continued—"The truth is that the future historian of general ecclesiastical history in the United States will find very little worthy of his subject written up to the present. Ecclesiastical history as a science distinct from the character-building of aspirants to the Catholic ministry has not yet risen above the level of mediocrity in our country. The teaching of Church history in Catholic colleges, seminaries and religious novitiates is below the standards of the already much-confused methods in use in non-sectarian schools, and is mostly confined to the half-hearted mastery of a text-

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book, whose author or compiler has little precise knowledge of those peculiar apologetic problems in history which constitute our inheritance from Great Britain. Special training for teachers of history in American higher schools is hardly more than a generation old. Special training for teachers of Church history in our religious houses and seminaries has not yet been begun. The formation of the American Catholic Historical Association (1919) gives promise of creating a national interest in general Church history, but it will be many years before the historical barrier between the Catholic Church and the non-Catholic Christian groups has been leveled by impartial Catholic scholarship."

THE picking of easy subjects, the arranging of "snap-courses," have brought our colleges and even the universities of our country to their parlous state of swarming nonentities. The royal road to learning that is sought by so many democratic loafers, that social, hopeless snobbery of the father-and-son colleges, has resulted—as well it may—in the campaign to eliminate Latin from the requirements of our entrance examinations. We are far, indeed, from the day when Latin was the qualification of every intelligent person, gentleman or commoner; but at least we have lived to see the general attack upon the classics exhaust its full force, its champions shamed by the results of their own systems, with the gradual realization coming back to our educators that the pupil must really do some work if he is to learn anything—that the teacher is not the only toiling machine in the schools, and that Latin is the fine and hardy emery-stone upon which the temper of young minds must be industriously ground, if we expect to produce character first, intelligence next, and culture finally.

"THE theme which has occupied the majority of poets in all times [is] the enigma of the imperfection and transitoriness of the life of men," says Mr. Edwin Muir, in a review of a recently published poem. This is one of those illuminating remarks which make criticism valuable. We do not know that it is quite true, but certainly we believe it to be largely true. A very great deal of the best poetry seems to be the memorable utterance of man's sense of his imperfection, and his sorrowful brooding over the fact of the impermanence of human life, and all its joys and glories. It is this function of poetry which truly allies it to religion. The modern teaching to seek in art, particularly in poetry, an answer to "the enigma of the imperfection and transitoriness of the life of men" is, we believe, a vain quest, but in proportion as poetry makes lucid and poignant mankind's usually inarticulate, awareness of its insufficiency, and its wounded condition, poetry is what Francis Thompson said it ought to be—the hand-maid of religion.

COÖPERATION

THE growing interest in coöperation will be promoted enormously by the nation-wide publicity given to the movement by President Coolidge in his address to the Annual Convention of the National Council of Farmers' and Coöperative Marketing Associations in Washington recently. It is particularly fortunate that this new impetus supplied to the study of coöperation should come in connection with the farmers' part in the new movement. The President is in agreement with those who have studied the subject most thoroughly in sounding his warning that coöperative marketing in order to be truly helpful must start from the soil and be developed upward. As he puts the matter, there is a school of coöperators who seem to believe that the program can be started at the top and extended downward. "They want the government, or the banks, or the philanthropists, or Providence, to lay out a scheme big enough to cover the country, set its machinery moving, guarantee it all needed capital and then invite the farmers to sit in the places reserved for them and proceed to garner their profits. Let me say that I offer no such Aladdin-like project. I want society as a whole to help, but I want the farmers to do their share, and I warn them that this will be the lion's share."

While we have no disposition to attribute to President Coolidge motives that may not have been his, it would seem probable that he had in mind coöperators who are such in name only and who simply have been using the growing interest attached to the idea to promote schemes of their own which are much more closely allied to the less worthy types of commercial enterprises than they are to legitimate coöperation. Nothing perhaps has damaged the coöperative cause more than its exploitation by this type of insincere promoter.

It is to be hoped that Catholic laymen, who are in a position to do so much for the promotion of worthy economic and social reforms, will turn their attention to the subject opened up by the President's address in much greater numbers and in a more scientific and organized fashion than has hitherto been the case. In many countries of Europe, which have often been too lightly stigmatized as being socially reactionary, the study and the application of the principles of coöperation among Catholic groups is far more advanced than in the United States. It may be recalled in this connection that the whole modern movement toward coöperation in the production and distribution of agricultural products and manufactured goods of all sorts derives a great deal of its philosophy, and many of its practical methods, from the study made by economists of the guilds of the middle ages, which guilds derived their principles from the teachings of the Catholic Faith. Many of these economists had no religious motives or prejudices to animate or control them in their studies. They

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were motivated entirely by scientific principles. Their work has been almost as potent as that of the general historians in throwing new light upon the actual status of social institutions in the middle ages.

The new interest in coöperation will be helpful and constructive in direct proportion as it proves to be ethically right, and practically successful in competition and comparison with other economic systems. Some of the ethical points that enter in are the protection of the rights of the individual against infringement on the part of either the state, or purely commercial enterprises, or even coöperative corporations or groups; the protection of private ownership against collective ownership, and the protection of fair profit in all forms of legitimate private enterprise.

The Commonweal is now arranging with qualified students of the coöperative movement for a number of articles dealing with the fundamental principles of various aspects of coöperation. These studies will include movements in other countries, Ireland, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, and Spain, as well as developments in the United States.

Preliminary to the fuller treatment of the subject, it may be well to mention a few things that coöperation is not, in addition to other things that it seems to be. In the first place, even those quite unfamiliar with the subject should learn that it is not a sort of heretical, socialistic religion held by an obscure sect of enthusiastic economists, but a very practical and at least partly successful movement with the momentum of a central, progressive development behind it since its revival in modern times. As stated above, it has a historical background of great significance going back to the greatest period of Christendom. It is not limited to a narrow field nor to a few forms, but is applicable in widely varying ways to a great many fields and enterprises. It is not the exclusive heritage or the exclusive privilege of the urban, industrial, ultimate-consumer—as some of those in the extreme Rochdale left wing of the movement apparently believe; it is not on the other hand a convenient form of exploitation of profitable fruit-marketing by absentee owners, as some coöperative marketing organizations would have us all believe; above all, it is not what socialist members of the movement loudly proclaim it to be—namely, a negation of the principle of private ownership, and therefore, of profit, but a reasonable curb and a limitation to excessive forms of both. Coöperation also is not a merely economic movement. It has definitely significant ethical and social aspects and obligations. Its principal differentiation from other forms of enterprise is that it stresses group relations while at the same time protecting and serving the needs of the individual. In the view of the champions of coöperation, its virtue is that it uses the corporation for the needs of the individual, while it is the crime of the mercenary form of industrialism that it uses the needy individual for the profit of the corporation.

In this very brief and tentative summary of some of the aspects of coöperation, The Commonweal is seeking to express the views of the movement held by its responsible and temperate-minded exponents. In common with other journals or individuals now turning to the subject, The Commonweal is seeking authentic information on a most important development, and does not pretend dogmatically to declare in favor of or against the movement. It is quite apparent that already it has become something that commands respect as a world force, the momentum of which is rapidly increasing, and which seems to hold high promise for the future because it is definitely Christian in spirit. If the ideals of some writers and leaders savor of socialism in the wrong sense, that fact is no inherent fault of coöperation but is a call to all those who hold Christian ideals to bring their principles to bear as a determining force that will shape the future of the movement.

JUSTICE STONE

THE selection of Attorney-General Harlan Fiske Stone to become Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, following the retirement of Justice McKenna puts at rest many rumors of other and perhaps less worthy selections which have germinated in Washington and flowered widely. There were, fortunately, many excellent men in both political parties available for this high position, some of them from New York or the Atlantic seaboard, and others from situations which for political reasons might make them peculiarly eligible. But there were others, too, in whose behalf the White House was mildly besieged, whose qualifications were so plainly of a political character only that their selection would have been almost an affront to the dignity of the country. Happily, and in accordance with his customary good sense, the President passed them over to select a man of outstanding ability, courage and integrity.

When Mr. Stone was first appointed Attorney-General to supplant the explosive Mr. Daugherty, a few mild questions were raised as to his "liberal" qualifications. It was pointed out that in addition to his position as Dean of the Columbia Law School, he maintained an active legal practice, and had been associated at times with men close to the financial headquarters of New York. But even a cursory examination of his record, his independence of judgment and his fearless public opinions on many important issues sufficed to set these objections at rest. The country at large was ready to accept his services in a very exacting position and under trying circumstances with a sigh of profound relief and satisfaction. His elevation to a position of still greater dignity, if not of greater practical service, will be welcomed with equal enthusiasm, tempered only by the knowledge that the vacancy now left in the Cabinet will be hard indeed to fill with a man of equal capacity and worth.

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OBLIGATIONS TO AMERICA

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

III. A Turning Point in History

PERHAPS I have said enough in an earlier paper to voice a conviction that Catholic Americans can and should stand shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-countrymen in defense of political democracy, law enforcement, individual liberty, and separation of church and state. But this is not enough if they are to be leaders in the political and social life of the republic. They must acquaint themselves as fully and sympathetically as possible with the general and specific problems which from time to time confront our government and our nation, and they should be eager individually or collectively to coöperate with fellow-citizens in arriving at solutions conformable to Christian principles. Right now there are three kinds of general problems to which particularly the attention of Catholic Americans should be called.

The first is the problem, or set of problems, created during the past century by the industrial revolution and the rise of large-scale capitalistic production, and now affecting not only the relations of capital and labor but all social relationships and peculiarly the family and the home, the very foundations of Christian society. There is little agreement among Catholics as to what should be done with these problems; there is little agreement as to what precisely these problems are. But, unfortunately, there are few Catholics who have investigated and studied the problems. Certain individuals who profess the faith talk at times as though they were Marxian Socialists; certain others act as if they were atheistic disciples of Mammon. Both these groups, the one revolutionary and the other reactionary, are not, I will gladly admit, representative Catholics. But in so far as they are uninformed, I fear they are representative. The least that Catholic Americans should do is to study carefully the famous encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, Rerum novarum, and seek the best means of translating its general precepts into the specific legislation and social action of this country.

A second problem now confronting this country, as it confronts all countries, is not a bread-and-butter problem such as the first I mentioned; it is an emotional problem, and as such it is difficult to define or deal with. I refer to the contemporary confusion of proper and ennobling patriotism with intolerant blatant nationalism. If we love our country, we are rejoiced to serve it; if we are not blind, we detect flaws and shortcomings in it, but, still loving it, we labor to improve and perfect it; and if we truly love it and constantly serve it, we are humble. Humility is essential to love and service. And this is the essence of pure patriotism. Between pure patriotism and Christianity there can be no conflict. Nationalism, however, is something else. It is a vainglorious assumption that one's own nation is superior to all other nations and entitled to pursue its selfish ends without any regard to others' welfare. Its roots are selfishness and pride, and its whole spirit is antithetical to that of Christianity. In fact, I have come to suspect that the contemporary vogue of nationalism is attributable in no small degree to the lessening hold of Christianity upon many men's minds and hearts. Those persons who have lost or obscured their faith in Christianity are likely to be the very persons who extol the national state as an end in itself and who demand that what is God's shall be rendered unto Caesar. The effect is disastrous both in domestic politics and in international relations. In the latter case, nationalism is productive of fear, hatred, jingoism, and war. In the former case nationalism inspires intolerance and unreason; it leads to discrimination against minority-groups, to agitation in behalf of state-monopoly of education, and to perpetuation of ignorance and prejudice. Catholic Americans have a very important contribution to make to this whole problem. They are citizens of America and they are members of a universal non-national Church; their faith teaches them to love and serve their country but it also teaches them that all men are brothers and that nations have obligations as well as rights. They must cling to the patriotism that is humble, and they must shun the nationalism that is proud.

Catholic Americans, too, should actively assist toward a solution of the grave international problems which beset the United States—and the whole world. For centuries the Catholic Church has preached the cessation of war, and a long line of Roman Pontiffs has labored to bring peace on earth to men of good will. In the midst of the latest and greatest war in human annals, the voice of Pope Benedict XV was heard above the din of contending armies, pleading with the nations of the earth to forgive and forget their mutual transgressions and to hasten to outlaw war and to adopt covenants which should provide for the settlement of future differences by means of peaceful arbitration. Since those words were uttered, the League of Nations has come into existence with a permanent Secretariat, with a permanent Court of International Justice, with a frequently assembling Council, with an annual Assembly, and with fifty-odd nations as members. Right now these members are giving serious consideration to a protocol which aims to outlaw war and to compel the submission of international disputes to arbitration. It may be that neither the protocol nor the League of Nations is the best or surest way to that peace which the Catholic Church inculcates. I leave it an open question—but there can be no

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doubt that Catholic Americans, even more than other Americans, have a clear obligation to study the subject carefully and without partisan bias and then to champion whatever agency is most likely, in their matured judgment, to promote durable world peace, whether it be a League of Nations or perhaps something else.

To take a lively and enlightened interest and leadership in public problems affecting our international and domestic affairs, to be good citizens in a very exacting sense, and actively to advance civilization and culture in the United States, these are great and grave obligations resting upon American Catholics. To the discharge of nothing less than these should Catholics be urged. But they should be urged to the discharge of something more. The present age may be a turning-point in American history. So long as American Protestantism as a whole reflected, even faintly, Catholic teachings, this country could be called Christian; and to my way of thinking at any rate the remarkable progress of America in ages past is attributable not only to the Catholic Church directly but also to the persistence of a deposit of Catholic truth within Protestant errors and heresies. Within the last generation, however, American Protestantism has been departing farther and faster than in any earlier period from the spirit and law of historic Christianity—which means Catholic Christianity—with the result that ever heavier burdens and obligations are laid directly upon Catholic Americans.

There has been in past times, I venture to suggest, a tendency too marked on the part of Catholic Americans to shut themselves off from the life and thought of their fellow-countrymen, to insulate themselves against powerful intellectual and social currents in their own nation. This tendency has gone so far as to provide some basis for the charge of clannishness made against them. Whatever may have been the justification for such a tendency and for such resulting clannishness in the past—and I am well aware of the urgent need of assuring the Faith to our children and of preserving it among immigrants and other adults—there is now, I submit, another side to the question. With the decay of Christian supernaturalism and Christian morality among Protestant Americans, Catholics will find in the future, I think, if they accentuate their clannishness, a slowly dwindling number of Americans whose faith they will be able to conserve and a rapidly augmenting number of those who know nothing of Christian traditions and Christian civilization. That will signify two Americas, the one small and Catholic, the other large and pagan, each completely ignorant of the other. It will signify, also, the eventual failure of the Catholic Church to exercise any appreciable influence upon the major destinies of the American republic.

Before it is too late it behooves Catholic Americans to sublimate their inferiority-complex, if I may employ a Freudian phrase, to practise their religion publicly as well as privately, and to coöperate on a basis of equality with their fellow-Americans. There are still many sincere Protestants in this country devoted to the pursuit of a Christian life; there are now more persons than ever before who do not profess any form of Christianity and yet who feel the need of some religion in individual and national life. If Catholic Americans are to coöperate with all such fellow-citizens of good will, whether they be Protestants or non-Christians, it is necessary that the former sympathetically know and understand the latter, their ideas and their ideals, and it is also necessary that to them be brought, in all patience and charity, knowledge of Catholic ideas and ideals, moral principles and Faith. In faith and morality Catholicism has inestimable gifts for our country and all its citizens.

The Catholic Church in the United States holds up universally and unchangeably an absolute, not a relative, standard of right. Its morality is always and in all places the same, the same for groups and corporations as for individuals, the same for nations as for persons. It is the morality, both as to kind and as to scope, which is most needed in the United States. For, when all is said, the simple truth remains that the only real progress which is likely to be made toward the perfecting of humanity, is continued progress in the application of those principles which by human experience no less than by the command of God are recognized as having conditioned progress in Europe and America during the past 1900 years. True progress is not measured by accumulation of money or multiplication of machines; it is relative, rather, to the degree in which the Christian doctrine of the family and the home affect our daily domestic life and the degree in which the Christian concepts of justice and charity guide our conduct in politics and economics, in social relations and international affairs.

But what makes the morality of the Church unchanging and unchangeable? It is because this morality is sustained by the unchanging sacramental system of an unchangeable Church—a Church unchangeable because it is of God. And in thousands of church buildings throughout the length and breadth of the United States there is repeated daily and miraculously the sacrifice of the body and blood of the Man-God victim from Whom are derived the Church and the divine moral code. The Mass, which nourishes virtue and inspires beauty, is the ultimate obligation to America.

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THE POPE AND THE LEAGUE

By L. J. S. WOOD

IF WE begin by presuming that, on the one hand, the world is sufficiently interested in the Papacy to consider some possible connection of it with the League of Nations, and, on the other, that the Papacy is sufficiently interested in the world to consider some such connection, it will be useful to go on to ask ourselves what each party—world and Pope—hopes to gain by such connection. We may surely presume that the world, as represented in the League, would not consider such an idea unless it thought that the Pope could be of some use to it in the undoubtedly good work that it is trying to do. We may be equally sure that the Papacy would not consider it unless it thought that such connection would assist in the object which is at the bottom of everything the Papacy does—the good of souls. Consideration of what each side may hope to gain may help to a clearer understanding of how the actual connection might come about and function.

A moment's straight thinking outlaws the vague proposition that the Papacy, if regarded as a nation or state, might be a member of the League. It is obvious, that there are obligations in the covenant that the Papacy could not possibly undertake. A hundred considerations will occur at once to show the incongruity, the impossibility, of the Papacy sitting, and taking responsibility with nations great and small in the execution of a covenant which is part of a peace imposed by conquerors on conquered—a type of peace settlement in which Benedict XV said most firmly that the Holy See could take no part; sharing responsibility of decision on matters of technical, temporal politics outside its competence, the settlement of which must in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be based on compromise. For one of the great values of the Papacy is that what it says is based on principle.

But there are actual signs that the world would welcome the help of the Papacy in the League of Nations, and that neither the League nor the Papacy would be averse.

There was argument in Italy in 1915-16 on the question of the Pope's participation in the Peace Conference after the war. It arose primarily from suggestions in German papers that he ought to be there in order to bring up the old "Roman Question" for settlement by the nations, and that in this he would have Germany's support. The natural protest from Italian radicals led to discussion, and there was the customary ventilation of extreme views and quite authoritative declarations from the Vatican that it looked for the settlement of the old "Question," not to the war but to the "good sense of the Italian people in conformity with its true interests." Sane discussion arrived at the conclusion that in all probability there would be two sections of peace conferences in the future—one to settle territorial technicalities and make other adjustments, in which there would be no place for the Pope—another to establish peace on such a firm basis as to give hope of avoiding future wars, and in this the assistance of the Papacy as adviser on moral principles involved would be of great service.

The logical outlook of thoughtful Italians in 1916 anticipated what is being said today. And if this sensible conception of the Papacy had been brought into play later, on the publication of the text of the London Agreement of April, 1915 (by Article XV of which Baron Sonnino had induced the Allies to exclude the Pope from the Peace Conference)—if public opinion had realized that this statesman was voicing a conception, that of the inevitable hostility of the Vatican to Italy which history and deliberate pronouncements of the Vatican had shown to be quite out of date—much of the unnecessary fuss raised over the matter would have been avoided.

The question of the Pope and the League of Nations has cropped up on many occasions, in assemblies of varying nature and importance, since the League became a fact. As early as December, 1919, at a conference in Brussels held by the associations of the League, a Swiss Protestant, President of the Basle Civil Court, voiced the doubt whether the League could live, in view of the fact that the United States was not represented and the Pope was not a member. If the Pope were not admitted he doubted very much whether Switzerland would come in. A motion was handed in for discussion at the next year's meeting that the Holy See should form part of the League.

Since that time, on many occasions and in various quarters, public and private, the suggestion has been mooted and discussed. Recently it has been brought very close to, if not into, the realm of practical politics. A representative body of English Catholics, the Catholic Council for International Relations, has discussed it at an authoritatively supported and attended conference; it has been a prominent feature of more than one international Catholic congress; and it is reported, not only that it has been unofficially mooted in the Council of the League itself, but that a tentative enquiry on the subject has been addressed to the Holy See.

The English Catholic Council for International Relations (English is a generic term—it has members and supporters from all parts of the commonwealth and elsewhere) was formed with the object of interesting Catholics in international politics with the hope of gradually introducing into them a knowledge of Catholic principles—which after all, if sometimes more

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definitely expressed, are the principles of right and justice on which the civilized world acts. The Council believes that the assistance of the Papacy would be of advantage to the League of Nations. Its representatives at an international Catholic congress at Lugano held in August last, expressed the above hope and belief which the Conference endorsed. The president of the committee of the Council is Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and a passage from his letter to the President of the Lugano Congress reads—

> In seeking to apply to the mutual intercourse of states those principles of Christian international law which it is the purpose of your congress to study, it is our view that Catholics should urge their governments to use to the full the means to which, imperfect though they may be, many are already committed in the organs of the League of Nations, for whose enlargement and improvement they should work and pray, particularly demanding that, as guardian as well of public as of private morality, the Holy See should be duly recognized and consulted by that institution.

The Cardinal summarized in a few words what had been said before at the foundation meeting of the Council. A letter to the Pope on that occasion enumerated as one of its purposes—"In particular to urge that the League should invite to its deliberations a representative of the Holy See, thus obtaining that help and guidance which as guardian of the moral law the Vicar of Christ alone can give." The reply of the Cardinal Secretary of State conveyed the Pope's praise and blessing. The constructive policy outlined at that conference was to include work for—

> . . . the establishment of a formal connection between the Holy See and the League upon terms acceptable to His Holiness. Should membership of the League be judged to involve the Holy See in controversies outside its competence, this should not prevent an arrangement by which the Pope's envoy could make his voice heard on all matters affecting international morality.

The above quotations outlining representative Catholic views, contain as will be seen, no exaggerated claim. Membership for the Pope in the League is excluded, and the suggestions include nothing that any thoughtful person, Catholic or non-Catholic, sincerely desirous that the League of Nations may be useful to the world, could not consider with equanimity. But the position of the proposed representative of the Pope at the League's councils—and of the Pope whom he is to represent—will have to be stated even more clearly if misunderstanding is to be avoided.

It is not unusual, for instance, to read of the Pope as the divinely appointed guardian of the natural moral law by which sovereigns and rulers of states are bound, not only as individuals but also in their public acts. When perhaps in the same or some other publication, reference is made to the good times of the middle ages in which all Europe is described as a sort of League of Nations obeying the supreme authority of the Pope, an ordinary non-Catholic reader may be excused if he hesitates to range himself on the side of participation of the Pope in the League of Nations in 1924. He may see in the suggestion a veiled attempt at infringement on another sovereignty to which he owes allegiance.

The Pope is, in point of fact, by no means the super-authority over princes and peoples that is suggested by some loosely-worded writing. His is a strictly ecclesiastical and constitutional authority. To quote a very competent writer—

> The Pope has no authority from Christ in temporal matters, in questions of politics. When Popes in the past interfered in politics we must say either that their authority was given them by the consent of Europe or that in this they exceeded their charter . . .
>
> There seems no need for this phrase [indirect power of the Church in temporal matters]. The Church has authority in her own sphere, religion—and so, of course, in whatever belongs to this sphere or is necessary to it. She does not teach history, but some matters of history are also matters of religion, as, for instance, that Christ spoke certain words, that Peter was Bishop of Rome. This consideration will cover all cases of indirect power in temporal things.

The Church, of course, has its duty, its authority, with regard to politics. The nature and the limits of these were illustrated quite recently by Pius XI in an address to university students—

> It is said sometimes—"The Pope should have nothing to do with politics, he should leave that to us." Now when politics comes in touch with the altar, then it is not only the right but the duty, of religion and the Church and their representative the Pope, to give explanations and instructions . . .

Give explanations of moral principles—there we have it. That is what the Church and the Pope can do. That is their job.

We can turn back many years and find corroboration from such a high authority as Montalembert. In Les Moines d'Occident, on the great monk and Pope, St. Gregory, he says—

> In all this Gregory VII triumphed and his triumph has been prolonged down to our own time. The only point on which his work has not endured—even though continued with as much courage as constancy by his successors for three centuries—the only point on which time has not decided completely in his favor, has been the establishment of the papal power of supreme arbitration between states and peoples . . . Neither did he ever pretend to bind Christian consciences by any solemn decree on the subject of this power—which would be a benefit to the temporal world, but which is not absolutely necessary either to the authority or the liberty of the Church.

And, of course, nowhere is the "authority" of the Papacy better understood than at the Vatican. It

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would be useless for instance, for the League of Nations to appeal to the "great moral authority," the Papacy, as a bulwark for its own authority and enforcement of its findings. The Pope's assistance to the League can come through, but only within, the limits of his office, which is a very clear and a very definite thing.

He is the head of the Catholic Church, his function is with that Church, her organization, her laws. Of the latter he, for her, is interpreter and guide for Catholics, to whom he gives, as Pius XI has said, "explanations" of moral principles. And no one can doubt that he would do this for the League if it so desired. He would be at its service to tell it what the teaching of the Catholic Church is on temporal matters in which religion is concerned "indirectly"—and on moral principles in fact. In the attainment of the League's high objects such assistance would be invaluable. But the Papacy must not be asked for more than is contained in its constitutional office.

SCIENCE HOPEFUL OR SINISTER

By JAMES J. WALSH

Daedalus or Science and the Future, by J. B. S. Haldane. Icarus or the Future of Science, by Bertrand Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00 each.

THIS prophecy of what may be expected from science and the response to it in terms of humanity are "keynote" expressions as to the meaning of science as now developed. Mr. Haldane who is reader, or as we would say, lecturer, in biochemistry at the University of Cambridge, England, is sure that science is just about to confer marvelous benefits on humanity. Bertrand Russell fears frankly that science threatens to cause the destruction of our civilization. Both men are representative in a certain way of the extremes of thought of the day in this matter. It is no wonder then that the two little books have attracted attention far beyond what might be expected from their size. Reviewers have given them space quite beyond their apparent importance because of the stimulating quality of their treatment of these extremely significant subjects.

Mr. Haldane writes of biology in somewhat the same temper of mind as those who describe the wonderful inventions that mankind has made during the past generation and that are supposed to indicate a wonderful development of possibilities for progress and happiness for humanity. The telephone, the telegraph, the aeroplane, the radio, are enumerated as if they surely conferred unmixed blessings on mankind and were undoubtedly destined to make men ever so much happier than they had ever been before. The best commentary on all this talk about the wonderful progress that man is making as the result of such inventions is contained in an expression of Johann Bojer, the Norwegian novelist. One of his characters says: "Man is a wonderful being and he is making great progress. Before long it will be perfectly possible for anyone to take an aeroplane out of his vest pocket and fly as well as any insect." There it is. The insects anticipated most of our inventions. The primitive type of aeroplane is a devil's darning-needle. Fabre the great French entomologist declared that certain of the moths use the ether to signal to their mates, so that they have been anticipating the radio quite as the wasp anticipated the hypodermic needle, and the bee antiseptics—to preserve its honey. The question would seem to be appropriate: Are we making an insect civilization and calling it progress?

Mr. Haldane devotes himself not to physics but to biology. He is quite sure that the biologist is "the most romantic figure of today," and it is only a question of a comparatively short time until he will have eliminated most of the troubles that now beset the race and thus make man ever so much happier. Death may not be eliminated but it will be very much delayed, life will be lengthened and of course men will be happier. Before long the birth of any but the most talented individuals, all of them it is to be presumed scientists, will be prevented, and the human race will raise its young without the necessity, in the midst of pain and anguish, of having them born of women and without the need of having them trained in family life. The divorce evil will disappear because there will be no marriage or certainly very little and happiness will come apace. Besides birth-control there will be death-control and the old who are in the way will, doubtless, be quietly removed from the scene of their labors and blunders. At least it is to be supposed that is what is intended, for Mr. Haldane points out that as the result of the development of science the average life of mankind is much longer now than it used to be, and as a consequence—

"Nowadays the father dodders on until about eighty and is generally incompetent for ten years before his death. His son succeeds him at the age of fifty or so by which time he may be a fairly competent colonel or stock broker, but cannot hope to learn the art of managing an estate."

As the management of estates is one of the most important things in the world for human happiness, of course death-control will complete what birth-control began and we shall get rid of manifestly supernumerary individuals who are only in the way of human progress by gently conducting them out of existence along the pathway of euthanasia. The scientists of

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course will have the decision as to who should stay just as, of course also, they shall have the decision as to who shall be born. They know all about what will bring the human race happiness.

No wonder that under the circumstances Mr. Haldane suggests that the one great obstacle to science producing almost untold good for the race is to be found in the fact that unfortunately religion and morality are as yet in the way of scientific progress. Religion still teaches that men have some rights that others must not take from them unless they have forfeited them. Science knows better and therefore morality will have to take its way to the scrap-heap just as the diseases which have afflicted mankind have disappeared under the beneficent influence of science. Mr. Haldane says on this point very modestly—

"We must learn not to take traditional morals too seriously, and it is just because even the least dogmatic of religions tends to associate itself with some kind of unalterable moral tradition that there can be no truce between science and religion."

Every now and then a group of older scientists rise up to make an announcement that there is no conflict between science and religion much in the same way that the elder statesmen used to announce that there was nothing the matter with China. But the younger scientists know better. They know that there is an unappeasable conflict between these two ways of thinking. The crux of the relations between science and religion is in morals. If only morality could be eliminated and responsibility eradicated and the idea of free will as in any sense an attribute of man rubbed out of the picture, then science would make men happy. So the young scientists, young no matter how old they are, say!

Mr. Haldane's enthusiastic prophecy of the wonderful benefits that will accrue to man from the development of science is punctured very well by Mr. Bertrand Russell. The world is not accustomed to think of Bertrand Russell as in any sense a conservative but surely in this he is on the side of the angels. So far from agreeing with Mr. Haldane as to the possible advantages for men to be derived from science, he does not hesitate to say—

"Men sometimes speak as though the progress of science must necessarily be a boon to mankind, but that I fear is one of the comfortable nineteenth century delusions which our more disillusioned age must discard."

He then uses the expression which we have already referred to—"Science threatens to cause the destruction of our civilization." The reason for that is that science is increasing men's power but at present all that gives men power enables them to indulge their collective passions and therefore is bad. For men's collective passions are mainly evil. He sees only the most threatening prospects from science as it is developing at the present time, and is even pessimistic and gloomy in his prognostications as to its bad effect to such an extent that he thinks it necessary to apologize in the concluding paragraphs for the position that he has taken but only to add the declaration that he cannot think otherwise.

The hope for the happiness of mankind according to Mr. Russell lies in the cultivation of goodness of heart. Without that progress is an illusion. Those are rather strange words to come from a man who has sometimes been described as an anarchist. It is more than passing strange to find Saul thus among the prophets, but leaves no slightest excuse for thinking that in this matter at least he does not range himself very thoroughly with the conservatives. His own words are—

"Science is no substitute for virtue. The heart is as necessary for a good life as the head."

As one reads that sentence one can almost hear the echo of the scriptural expression—

"Only the man who thinketh not in his heart says there is no God."

I suppose that Mr. Russell would add—

"Only the man who thinketh not in his heart says there are no morals and no responsibility."

Mr. Russell explains—

"By the heart I mean the sum total of kindly impulses," and then adds—"Where they exist science helps them to be effective, where they are absent science only makes men more cleverly diabolical."

All this is said in the best traditions of science in the English speaking world, for more than 300 years ago Lord Bacon, sometimes acclaimed though without good right the father of modern inductive science, yet surely to be considered one of the great thoughtful minds in the history of science, said—

"I take goodness in this sense—the affecting of the weal of men—which is what the Grecians called Philanthropia; and the word Humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it. This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; *and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing no better than a kind of vermin.*" (Italics ours.)

Perhaps it may seem to some that Mr. Russell stands almost alone, or at least with very few companions, in his pessimistic outlook with regard to science unless the sum total of kindly impulses shall be increased to neutralize its evil effects. Above all it will probably be thought that most of the scientists engaged in the actual work of developing science would be entirely at odds with him. So far is this from being the case that there are a great many others among present day scientists, men whose whole lives have been devoted to science, who feel quite as pessimistically as Mr. Russell with regard to it, and fear profoundly the consequences that will inevitably accrue from science in its present mode of development unless men realize the awful possibilities of evil that there are in scientific

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progress, and take definite precautions to neutralize them. Recent meetings of scientific societies have provided opportunities for very emphatic expressions in this matter. Sir Max Muspratt, one of the most eminent of living chemists, declared not long since, not for the benefit of the general public but while addressing chemists who would have knowledge enough to check up his words critically, that chemistry has now reached the stage where it can destroy the world in short order, if for some reason it should authoritatively be set to doing that work. The president of the United Chemical Society declared that the complete destruction of entire cities would now be merely a matter of somebody giving the order to do this to a group of modern chemists, who would feel that they should obey the order and that somehow the responsibility for the awful effects that would follow must be assumed by those in authority.

The all important consideration in present-day life is not more knowledge but more virtue, more self-control, more thoughtfulness for others. "Knowledge is power," is a very old and a very true maxim, but to put power into the hands of men who are not ready to use it for the benefit of others is surely to do harm rather than good. Now that science can put such immense power into men's hands the outlook for humanity and for civilization is indeed appalling, unless there is some other factor in human life that can be expected to neutralize what Bertrand Russell has so well called the cleverly diabolical tendencies of men whenever their kindly impulses are in abeyance.

There is only one institution that makes it its principal business to cultivate kindly impulses. There is only one tradition that has labored and is ever laboring to make men think of others rather than of themselves. That institution is religion which is too wise to think that it can change human nature or make man better, but tries to make the men of each succeeding generation realize that happiness for themselves and others lies in the belief in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Science without religion is sure to do harm to mankind rather than good. Yet religion is an instinct born in all of us that may be perverted as even the most precious instincts can be, but that when properly followed makes more for happiness for mankind than any other factor in the world. Old-fashioned religion can change men's hearts and make them over into those who love their neighbors as themselves. There is no other institution that even tries to do that.

Religion has often failed, has often been abused, but from the abuse of a thing no argument holds against its use, and religion and science are now at the crossroads together and it is the scientists who say that civilization is in the balance if science has the right of way.

THE BRIDE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

(Once on a time, Azrael passed by Solomon in a visible form, and in passing looked earnestly at a certain person who was sitting with the King. That person, not liking the earnestness and the expression of his look, asked Solomon who it was; and Solomon replied that it was the Angel of Death. "He looks as if he wanted me," said the affrighted man; "I beseech you, therefore, order the Wind to carry me instantly to India!" Solomon spoke the word, and no sooner was it spoken than the Wind took him up and set him down where he desired to be. The Angel then said to Solomon, "I looked so earnestly at that man out of wonder, because that being commanded to take his soul in India, I found him here with thee in Palestine.)

WITH loud, passionate outcry he flung open the door and ran into the room. For a moment he stopped, blinded by the light, and the two tall slaves seized him and hurried him before the King, who looked upon him calmly and motioned the slaves away.

"What is your wish?"

"The damsel, the damsel!" cried the old man. "She said she would tell her name if I opened the door, and we should enter into joyance. O King, where is the damsel?"

The King did not answer, but said—

"I know that you were forced by the very sight to open the door. It was fashioned in the days of Hakem-Bemrillah by the magician Abdallah, together with yonder door. He that beholds the first door is seized upon by the fantasy that he has only to open it to have his soul's desire. Now, it has been handed down from Hakem-Bemrillah that he who enters shall tell his wish to the King, and if it be a worthy one, it is granted when he opens the second door; but if it be unworthy, he shall surely die. Therefore, old man, your story."

His passion was stilled. He bowed before the all-powerful will of the mighty King, whose name is as the music of viols; and thus he spoke—

"I am a cobbler, and my stall is in the market-place. From my boyhood I have been lame and unable to do those things which men rejoicing in their strength may do. By day I am chained to my bench, a cripple. By night—praise be to God!—I am free. In the white day, in the warm sun, I am most respectable, and they say of me—'an estimable, worthy man, industrious, sober, safe.' If they knew of my night life they would cry out 'witchcraft!' They would scourge me, pluck out my beard, and cast me out. Some day it must come to that, nor do I greatly care.

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"When the hour of vespers rings, my work is over. I slip away. Illness is banished. I walk under tall trees outside the city wall. The time is solemn, and gladly would I prostrate myself and pray for deliverance, but already the wine of joy works in my blood. Perchance this night the damsel will consent to my pleading. If not, I shall at least have my fill of brave things, far from the market-place. As the shadows fall, as the veil is lowered which shall shield me, I am joined by companions whom you can not see. I have named them with secret names. With them I go adventuring in a dim and far land, a country where the landscapes are such as you admire, where only those things happen that are as you would have them. Thus it has been with me for many years.

"It was today and I sat in my stall. There was a rumble of wheels and a carriage drawn by stallions stopped and darkened my light. A masked woman alighted, and at the sight of her I trembled; for what did she there in the sunlighted market-place? 'Tonight,' she whispered, 'you shall meet and know me. At last I am conquered by your love. Wait for me tonight in the Avenue of Poplars and we shall go together to the Palace of Light.' Before I could speak she was gone, and sunlight streamed again into the stall. 'Uncle, wake up,' said an apprentice; he pulled my sleeve, and I fell to work, rejoicing, knowing that the visitation was for me alone. How I prayed and longed with a sick longing for night! Her words were in my blood like wine. Tonight my life-long quest was to end! Yes, O King, if you knew what it were to be a cripple, with a heart that leaped to love, a man that all his life had not known kiss or embrace of woman, you would know how I waited for night, while I tapped with my hammer in the stall.

"Years and years ago I first saw the damsel, yet was it also after many years of sitting, crippled in my stall, hiding my eyes from the pitying looks of maidens that walked with lovers. I saw her first one black, warm night as I wandered down the Avenue of Poplars, as I counted stars and dreamed of love. She was veiled and clothed in black. The invitation of her eyes was as a beacon. Her white hands beckoned from behind her robe. And then, even then, I should have claimed her, but as my arms yearned for her, there fell upon me the numbing thought, the freezing fear, that under the flowing robe there was nothing to embrace. 'Why do you fear?' she mocked; 'you are not a cripple here.'

" 'I do not fear,' I cried, and I pressed forward. She eluded me, as a butterfly sports with a rooted weed swayed by wind to semblance of freedom.

" 'In the Palace of Light, where joyance reigns, we shall meet.'

" 'Your name—that I may weave it into prayer and song. Lead unto the Palace of Light!'

" 'Not yet, not yet.'

"And though I pleaded even in tears, so it remained. Night after night I walked the Avenue of Poplars with my love, and I watched the light of the palace where it shone on the hill; yet would she never lead me thither, and did I offer to embrace, she would flit away, frowning, or stand smiling at my powerless arms as again they were smitten by the thought that beneath the hinting robe there was, in truth, nothing to embrace.

"But tonight, O King! I found her in the Avenue of Poplars. She was waiting for me. She was grave and sweet. Her many moods melted into the mood of the bride. Hand in hand we walked down the dusky Avenue of Poplars and nearer and nearer shone the windows of the Palace of Light. We came to a door.

" 'Within,' she whispered, 'you shall know my name. All fear ended, O my beloved, we shall embrace.' And as my blood burned within me she passed through the doorway. The door clanged in my face. I entered, she was gone; and now, O King, where is my love, my bride for whom I have yearned and waited?"

"Verily we are Allah's, and unto Him are we returning!" said the King. "Have your wish. Pass through the door!"

With eager hands the old man pushed his way. Warm, odorous air swam about him; soft darkness enveloped him as in a cloak; standing before him, brilliant with unconcealed beauty, with arms outstretched, was the Bride, the Long-Desired.

"Well," said the doctor, "old Anthony is dead."

"So?" answered the apothecary, who ceased fumbling among his many-colored phials. "Did he die easy?"

"Yes; for a time he was plagued with dreams, but he died easy."

"It must have plagued him to dream. I knew him well; he was a sensible old soul, industrious, sober, safe. Those dreams must have plagued him sorely."

"I'm not sure about that," answered the doctor, and he shook his head as he walked away.

At Ellis Island

We speak of them as but a crazy bunch
  Of huddled immigrants, and we forget
  What dreams have crumbled, how with woe beset
They crouch here, crowded, garrulous, and munch
Their moldy crusts, their promised land denied.
  Through dreary years they planned and saved and dreamed
  Against the time that long in coming seemed,
That come, will neither homes nor friends provide.

They had been told that freedom here is found,
  That great good will is ever manifest,
  The poor not scorned, the helpless never crushed.
Heart-stricken now, confused by word and sound,
  They seem like frightened animals ambushed,
  Awaiting what were idle to protest.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

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SOUTH AMERICAN POEMS

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

Sonnets of Death

I

From that cold ledge where they have laid you by,
I shall take down and lay you in the ground,
Where humble and alone myself shall lie,
Where we shall share dream-pillowings profound.
Beside you stretching I shall show you all
A mother's yearning for her child asleep,
So earth shall cradle your pale body's pall,
And sweetness smother half the sobs you weep.

Then shall I wander through the dusk of roses,
Whilst mid the azure moonlight mist you wait,
Where the crushed spirit in your bones reposes;
I shall fare on afar, my victory singing,
So none shall come unto the hidden gate
To wake the dust where I your bones am bringing.

II

My weariness shall know one day increase;
My soul deny the body consort more,
Lifting its nature to the paths of peace,
Where man would turn to seek his rosy store.
And you shall feel beside your form a stir,
When to your silent city there arrives
Another sleeper; then shall they inter
Your comrade for the converse that survives.

And finally your heart shall know that ne'er
Your flesh was ripened for such feeble bones,
Though still without fatigue you slumber there.
Light through your breast shall break the shadows down—
A starry light of union pierce our zones,
And our great compact broken, gain Death's crown.

III

The hands of evil have been on your life,
Since when, at signal from the stars, I sowed
It 'mid the lilies, all with beauty rife,
Till hands of evil wrecked its fair abode.
Then to the Lord I said—"From mortal paths
O let them take his soul that knows no guide!
Save him, O Master, from impending wraths,
And plunge him in the dream Thine arms spread wide."

Lament is vain—in vain, no more I follow!
Black is the tempest that drives on his sail!
My breast on his!—else mow to earth the flower!
Woe! Woe—the seas his bark of roses swallow—
Is pity in my heart then no avail?
Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, weigh Thou this hour!

GABRIELA MISTRAL of CHILE.

Landscape

On the breast of the azure waters—
A swan—and the spreading of a wing.
Thine eyes gazing in their dreams
Across the clear glow of the evening.
And love everywhere—everywhere—
In the evening, in thine eyes, on the waters.

GUSTAVO SANCHEZ GALARRAGA of CUBA.

The Oaks

Down by the turning of the way
Groaned two old oaks as in childish play.

And there was peace across the plains
And magical light in the heavens' domains.

I can recall the morning song
The flowery streamlet drew along;

And from the old well-holes on the moor,
The laughter and the music pure—

While from the groves of olive fruits,
The amorous canticle of flutes.

The chimneys curled in the pasture calm
Like the incense spreading holy balm;

While down by the turning of the way
Groaned the two old oaks as in childish play.

JOSÉ M. EGUREN of PERU.

The Dance of the Centaurs

Hoofs in the air and mouths without a rein,
Bare-chested, waving lances in their play,
Shouting in beauty, dancing down the way,
With shoulders white they mock the noonday vain.
Night hears them coming. Hark! the woods complain
Unto the moon! The maiden centaurs stay—
Retreat—advance—their myriad bosoms sway—
Their tresses stream behind their dashing train.

Soon moonlight whitens, night to morn would yield;
Ceases the hippic dance; through thundering space
The centaurs are in maddened rout revealed;
Lo!—far away, out where the moonlight dies
Titanic, fiery-eyed with Argive mace,
Great Hercules rears up against the skies.

FRANCISCA JULIA of BRAZIL.

Let Pass the Wind

Close up the window looking down the path;
My song surviveth in the gloom apart.
The fair companion no desire hath,
Nor comes today to join us, O my heart!
And let the morning spray its sunny bath
Against the balcony in peaceful art,
The while within my anguished breast shall wrath,
Like prayer transformed to paroxysm, start.—
Close up the window looking down the path!

CARLOS PRENDEZ SALDIAS of CHILE.

Last Roses

I would expire as do the roses
Amid the pallid falling of the leaves;
Where calmly silence in the twilight weaves—
I would go out as one reposes,

Along the pebbled paths prolonging,
Adown the old familiar garden ways,
The pallor that each falling leaf displays
Amid the roses' melancholy thronging.

LEOPOLD LUGONES of ARGENTINA.

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PARADOX OF OPEN DIPLOMACY

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

IT seems curiously contradictory that with the advent of "Open Diplomacy" (which is in fact the diplomacy of the public opinion of nations) the efforts of chiefs of government to solve the problems of international relations should be attended by secrecy at least as impenetrable as that which enveloped the negotiations of diplomats of the old régime. The contradiction is disturbing to many academic observers of post-war world conditions. One hears much of reactionary tendencies on the part of the statesmen of the world in their manoeuvers for peace among the nations, of reversion to ancient outworn diplomatic ways inconsistent with modern democracy, of the utter breakdown of "old style" diplomacy and of the incompetence of professional diplomats. Are any of these charges wholly justified? I think not, and I think that the true nature of the conditions and of the paradox is not far to seek and should be sufficiently clear to those who have a living knowledge of the subject. The "old style" diplomatic agent was the representative of dynastic interest. Even in the United States he represented dynasty, inasmuch as he was the appointed agent of the chief of a political party. He represented the American people only as their interest and aspirations might be interpreted through the leaders of the major party in power. In a democracy he represented a political dynasty as truly as in a non-constitutional monarchy he represented the sovereign.

If, in 1914, that diplomatic system, consecrated by the Congress and Treaty of Vienna, broke down in many cases and proved inadequate, it was because of the very paradox which is today apparent, which in great measure militated against the success of the system devised by the Versailles conference, and which I intend presently to define.

Since the war, the diplomatic negotiator responsible to no one but his chief of state, is in eclipse; not, however, as is so lightly claimed, in penalty for the errors and mismanagement of some mysterious dark system. His successor, the responsible chief of state himself, has been no more successful than the professional diplomat and both for the same reason, for the essence of our paradox lies therein that although heads of government have taken part personally and directly, since the world war in the Peace Conference and in all succeeding conferences, they are still agents, no more, no less, whether prime ministers, presidents or kings, and in the remodeling of a shaken world, power is no longer delegated absolutely by the peoples of the world to any agent. The problems they are called upon to solve all arise out of the beliefs, opinions, needs and aspirations of their peoples in their intercourse with other peoples. This phenomenon first took definite shape in the French Revolution, received tremendous growth in the war of 1914 (during which for the first time combatant and non-combatant, belligerent and neutral lost all separate identity) and, in the world-wide clash of whole nations in arms struggling outwardly against each other and internally against conditions or governmental forms which had become unsatisfactory, the "crime" of high treason came seriously to be questioned by loyal and responsible men.

Open diplomacy between nations who will not entrust to their agents plenipotentiary qualities is infinitely more difficult than was the representation of a sovereign, and must in its ways (at times) be even more secret and devious, since that executive representative of the people upon whom responsibility to them rests most directly, having become his own negotiator, is faced at once with a formidable domestic problem. His principal is an inchoate, ignorant, suspicious, jealous, emotional entity—"The People"—rather than a determined individual, a ruler, perhaps well informed and experienced, certainly possessing a clear view of his objective, conceivably even an enlightened understanding of the best interest of his subjects or fellow citizens.

Old style diplomacy was a bargaining process, a contest of wills and wits. Modern diplomacy is besides a process of education of one's principal, proceeding step by step with the bargaining in his interest. The educational process is continually hampered by the suspicions of the propaganda-ridden principal. The people have become greatly conscious of their power; they are not yet and never can be fully equipped to think internationally; they are only beginning to grope their way to clarity of thought in national affairs. Nevertheless, the power of "The People's Will," intangible, amorphous, has overshadowed all post-war negotiations, at times forcing the agent into untenable positions, at times withholding from him the vital force of sanction, without which he cannot act, can make no final decision. Side by side with the growth of "internationalism" goes on this sharp crystallization of nationalism. There is a growing consciousness among nations of themselves as nations, as racial units, and within the nations a parallel growth of class consciousness extending beyond geographical boundaries; everywhere a welter of uninformed but vociferous opinion.

It may well be that these things are signs of growth, of healthy growth, for the nations must first find themselves before there can be any sound basis for effective international understanding. That, however,

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is apart from our subject. Our essential point is that in this remodeling of the world no statesman-agent may be didactic; his task is perilous, for his principal, in most cases, can neither instruct him nor approve his acts with intelligent assurance. All his past experience, though highly valuable, is only valuable if he has come through the war with youthful vigor of mind, for those who are charged with laying the foundations of the new peace must grope for solutions as their fellow citizens are groping. They do not dare, at all times, to lay all the facts openly before them; they are driven to expedients, to individual confidences, to private understandings and "gentlemen's agreements," subject always to "official" repudiation. To them, concessions from one nation to another may appear clearly necessary, sacrifice of national pride or prejudice may seem urgent. But here the imponderables count greatly; national feelings must be tested at home and abroad, dark under-currents explored, prejudice must be microscopically analyzed. Statesmen may make tentative agreements, may agree to try out a theory, but more than ever these are secret agreements, essentially unofficial efforts to fix by trial and error certain fundamental points so definitely and firmly that popular conviction is reached, the "principal" becomes impatient of the delays and mystifications of its agents and popular sanction permits the formal drawing of a promise between nations.

After all, a treaty is a promise, a mutual promise. I exclude from consideration the imposed treaty, since in the present state of the world no nation nor group of nations can long successfully impose its absolute will upon any other nation.

It follows that international conferences are, for the time being, eddies only, upon the current surface of events. None preceding the Washington and the London conferences was positively successful nor wholly a failure. Each cleared the horizon in some degree and eliminated some non-essential, but each failure to solve the whole problem has stimulated private individual thought among citizens and effort to accomplish that wherein the experts have failed.

HALCYON DAYS OF SIXTY PLUS

By ELISABETH MARBURY

OH, the time we waste in senseless week-ending and casual visiting! To be generally excused from these after we have passed the sixty plus mark is indeed a mercy. Where once we sought any and every invitation, now we seek only escape.

Personally, the only visits I ever make nowadays are to the homes of bachelors; for the discomforts in the ordinary summer houses over which fair ladies pretend to preside, are beyond belief. Men really seem to care whether their guests are comfortable or not; but when we must reckon with the self-absorbed young woman, carelessness steps in and reigns supreme.

In how many houses are the dressing-table lights properly arranged? What of the reading-lamp that should be on the table beside your bed? In one palatial residence whither I was foolishly allured recently, I held my "ever-ready" under my chin while I struggled to read myself to sleep.

And the beds! As a rule, they are either expensively hard because of the extravagant use of hair, or they are so thin that the princess of the fairy tale would not have had the slightest difficulty in detecting the hidden trinket.

In most of the elaborate homes I used to visit (for when we are young we will go anywhere) I was invariably asked upon my arrival to name the hour at which I wished to breakfast, and to state the menu I wished served. How genial and hospitable and encouraging this sounded! But let us see what always happened.

The morning dawned, and I would await the coming of my tray. Fifteen minutes passed—well, mistakes could occur. Yet when a half-hour, and then an hour went by, I grew faint for food. Yet nothing in the world would give me the courage to summon that majestic and terrifying butler, of whom I had been in awe since first my eyes had fallen upon him, standing stern and immutable as I stepped from the motor. His passing scrutiny had seemed an unspoken third degree. I longed to pull the bell-cord; but, of course, I knew it was not what they call in the theatre, a "practical" property. It was only one more adornment in a home of stupid adornments.

When, really famishing, my tray was brought to me, everything upon it was stone cold—the toast, the coffee, the cereal. What a dismal mockery of my own carefully prepared meal at home! There, everything was served with minute attention, and brought to me on the tick of the clock.

Why is it that bells seldom ring in smart country houses? Or is it the over-paid servants who are at fault? Try to connect with your maid's room sometime. You have been assured by a boastful but inefficient hostess that nothing will be easier than to bring her to your impatient side. But touch the button, and either it will be answered not at all, or, if by chance it is, when you hear a light knock on your door and murmur—"Come in!"—ten to one you will be confronted by a confused scullery boy, a garage washer or a begrimed houseman—anyone, in fact, but your personal servant of whom you are pathetically in need.

And then those awful "personally conducted tours"

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over the property, with your proud host leading the way from the terrace, to show you every pig, hen, cow and sheep on the place! From such inane journeys, good Lord deliver us! I used to think of my comfortable, cozy rooms in the city, and wonder why I had ever packed my bags and taken a stuffy train on a broiling day to bring me hither. And the host invariably becomes oratorical as he describes each plant and shrub—as though you were a fresh-air child and had never seen either; he waxes eloquent over every least improvement he has caused to be made; and in less than twenty minutes you are ready to drop in your tracks from weariness and wonder why on earth you were ever so spineless as to become a victim of such hideous and nerve-racking boredom.

To be liberated from week-end parties and to remain serene amid the simple luxury of one's own belongings is indeed a blessing which comes to us only when we have left our hectic youth behind us, and stepped philosophically into that halcyon period which lies between sixty plus and seventy minus. Dislocation from one's general habits becomes more and more painful as the years proceed; but what a relief it is to reach that moment when one is free to determine one's goings and comings, without any further consideration of what is expected of one! To remain in the city in midsummer; to sleep in one's own bed; to be assured of one's own oscillating electric fan; to know that one's window screens are so well made that neither fly nor mosquito can possibly penetrate—ah! that is really to attain wisdom and common sense; it is a privilege impossible to over-estimate. Crossing the Rubicon is not hard work. It is a joy. We leave so much behind that we thought important; and we find that most pleasures are indeed but emptiness. We arrive at a spiritual peace of which youth knows little.

Is it not something to escape from dull and formal dinners? It takes years for us to be made aware of the truth that we are no longer invited for our own amusement; we are to be amusing to some tiresome old man who, when we were a débutante, fell into the habit of finding our conversation sprightly. Now his stories have grown archaic—yes, and a bit salacious as time has rushed on. Suddenly we see our dinner partners for just what they are, mostly stupid people in a wild search for entertainment; tragic souls striving to appear gay and exuberant. And the beautiful evening comes at last when we stay at home and munch our humble chop and read the books we have never had the time to read, and go to bed at a seemly hour, thanking our stars that we are sixty plus and seventy minus.

These later years bring with them certain indisputable privileges. We are permitted to leave so much dull literature behind us; we have reached that glorious span of life when we dare to call a praised and popular author a prodigious bore, and inwardly we smile at youth's uplifted brow in the face of our oracular statements. Youth knows little of this blessing of free speech; youth would not venture to speak as we have spoken. And we may sit complacent with a ten-cent joke book or the farmer's almanac upon our knees, and no longer pretend that we are intellectual high-brows. We do not have to struggle now with the latest humorist who is enjoying a drawing-room vogue, and whose idea of mirth requires a painstaking effort of detection on our part, whose display of psychology is about as dreary as a morgue. We may speak our mind at last. We may tell the bitter, bitter truth that the dead heroes of history do not interest us half so much as the live ones; we are able to proclaim, loudly and exultantly, that Caesar and Napoleon and Wellington do not begin to hold our attention so much as do Benny Leonard, Babe Ruth and the Cosden colts. And we can say that though MacCullough may have ranted well and pleased his audiences, we much prefer Fanny Brice, Joe Cook and Al Jolson.

No more is it necessary for us to be personally conducted critic to view a much-heralded work of so-called art. Instead, we are allowed to sit in silence. We do not jump about in search of the proper light to see this monstrosity; we do not squint our eyes any more, telescope the descriptive leaflet, and pretend an enthusiasm we are far from feeling. No! we have escaped all such shams and cheapnesses. We are free to listen only to the music which pleases us. Do you recall the many occasions when, nolens volens, you have not had the moral courage to refuse invitations to the opera; when you have been made the willing prey of insistent box-holders—those poor souls who, each autumn, are obliged dismally to contemplate their great bundle of tickets which they feel socially bound to distribute discreetly and with prospective advantage to themselves? To get rid of seats for a Saturday night's performance is comparatively easy, since cooks and butlers, maids and manicures and hairdressers are always victims who may be depended upon. At last you have reached that divine period of life when you are no longer "invited," and when you may drink in the latest jazz without shame or apology. You may even wander on a sultry evening to an open-air concert and sit with a really intelligent and appreciative crowd, listening to a stirring Sousa march, an Irving Berlin tune or a languorous Viennese waltz.

Intensive friendships, like weary sentinels, are watching at empty graves. One by one they flit across your memory. How exacting and absorbing they have been! How they sapped your mentality and energy; how they retarded your growth! Unknown to you, they anchored you to earth. You had no glint of the value of detachment.

You gave, and gave of your best. You were wounded, not once, but a thousand times. Your emotions were your guide. The helmet of Minerva had not rested upon your head. As each disillusion became

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a landmark of lasting influence, the iron entered into your soul until finally it shrank from a touch and quivered at a memory. And then the day came when human relationships assumed their right and normal proportions. You still gave of yourself, but you gave so that your brain and your heart were mellowed in the giving. You became a universal, not an individual friend; and the lives you thereafter touched were made conscious of your broadened sympathy and of your deepened, ripened affection. Yet, if the liberation from monopolizing friendships is sweet, how much sweeter is the liberation attained through the passing of corroding love. How many men and women have been crushed upon the wheel by these passions of youth and middle-age!

There comes a time of unbroken sleep, wholesome appetite, leisure that is incomparable; of projects that remain undisturbed, journeys that are uninterrupted; the blessed hour of a quiet mind and a perfect rest. The liberation from unreasoning love—perhaps that is the greatest of all.

How wonderfully pleasant it all is; yet for decades you have been warned of the impending tragedy of loneliness; of that sad time when you will become an object of kindly and well-meaning commiseration. This is to be your ultimate and inexorable destiny, from which there is no hope of escape. You have allowed indolence to dominate your volition; thereafter you must pay the terrible penalty.

Lo! The hour strikes, the curse has fallen. Loneliness has crossed the very threshold of your door; but gradually there comes a most pleasurable sensation. You are at last your own mistress.

For the first time in your memory your wings are outspread. You feel that now there is no limit to your flight. You are as free as the air around you. Your mind has never been so released from questioning, never so elastic in its workings, never so fertile in its planning. Your soul is expanding as never before. Its horizon seems to lead you to a pot of gold that glistens in the newly discovered light. This is the moment of disaster of which you had been warned!

But possibly the most electrifying sense of liberation is that to which you awake when you realize that after all the years of doubt and misgiving, your feet are no longer resting upon shifting sand. For the first time you review the weary struggle clearly and accurately. You recognize the fact that during decades you were absurdly sure of yourself; that you laid down the law without the authority of code; that you accepted your prejudices as though they were founded upon truth; that you were an utter failure at ruling yourself; were convinced that you were of God's annointed, predestined to govern all those who came your way. You were bumptious, conceited, intolerable, without the slightest suspicion of your shortcomings. For years you reveled in your ignorance and rejoiced in your presumption. On practically every subject your mind was reassuringly made up. And then—the hour of your liberation struck. You began to perceive the hopeless snarl with which your puny knowledge and your limited experience had entangled you. Life was indeed a hopeless, helpless muddle. Darkness seemed indeed to have covered your earth. Even though you saw a tiny bit of blue in the beyond, would you ever be given the patience and the courage to undertake the great unraveling?

Happily, the vital question becomes automatically answered after sixty plus; for day by day the clarity of your vision adjusts the values with which you had so endlessly been struggling. Slowly but surely the process of elimination moves on apace, until you marvel at the simplicity of your tastes and at the restful monotony of your pleasures. As you are soon to cross the great ferry, your only desire is to reduce the amount of your impedimenta before starting on this eternal journey. You came into the world with little; you should go out from it with less. For even the complexities and the perversities of inheritance should by this time have been conquered, thus reducing the burden of your baggage to an almost precious cipher. You have learned, as someone has wisely said, that life is nothing but discovering the truth of the old platitudes.

You have at length come to that sublime period when in the early dawn of the today, you spring from your brief but sufficient slumber, fling open your windows and stretch out your arms. You blissfully realize that gossamer veil of separation which for a little while is withholding from you that divine joint heirship of which you have dreamed and which you now know will be yours merely for the asking. You exult in the sense of that liberation which has come to you as a glorious release.

At last the mystery of life has been revealed in one blinding flash. Your soul is steeped with an understanding of its beauty. The superfluities have been cast aside like a worthless garment. The moment is soon to dawn when your final inventory must be made. Henceforth, simplicity and sincerity are to be your daily companions. The road is at last clear, the way is open, the sign posts have all been repainted. No longer are you halted by uncertainty.

You are secure in your knowledge of whither the path leads; and as you look down the vista, a great cry of gratitude fills your soul; for you have learned the ecstasy of liberation. You know now that the best years of life are its last years; that you can triumph even over death; for you realize that only over youth does its dark shadow fall.

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THE RELIGION OF JONES

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

FATHER RONALD KNOX in his Anglican days wrote a remarkable work entitled Some Loose Stones in which one of the most illuminating chapters is headed "How Much Will Jones Swallow?" Jones is a banker and a good fellow. Jones has been to a good school and to a university, but the result of his education has been to produce such a state of jumble in his brain that "his religious ideas have arrived at a stage quite beyond his power to express: a stage in which he never thinks much of going to church, except now and then to hear a brainy minor canon discoursing (with frequent reference to Browning) on the Problem of Pain." This is a cause of much pain to those of his friends who still retain some rags and tatters of religion, and their constant enquiry is—"What is to be done to bring Jones to church?" And the panacea proposed is so to reduce the articles of belief that at last the pill may be small enough to pass through Jones's narrowed throat. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet—the quotation need not be continued. If Jones will not submit his moidered mind to any religion today then we must devise one to which he will submit it.

Recently at two congresses held in England, one in London, the other at Oxford, we have been treated to certain suggestions as to how Jones is to be brought into the fold, and these will repay a brief consideration. The first conference dealt with "Living Religions;" the second was composed of persons calling themselves "Modern Churchmen" and both titles need a little clearing up. From the account of their proceedings which has been recently published in Nature it would appear that a manifesto as to the meaning of "living religions" was published, prior to the meeting, by a Mr. Branford who proposes to apply that term only to those forms which "show signs of developing along the lines of the larger modernism." If we ask what exactly that means we are referred to an instance in the case of Indore in Hindustan where Professor Patrick Geddes—of whom Mr. Branford is a colleague and a great admirer—has persuaded the people to adapt their religious processions so as "to subserve the needs of the city in improved sanitation and housing." It will be remembered that the Professor is a great authority on Town Planning and so, no doubt, the orientation of the New Religion. Mr. Branford is so uplifted by this great ideal that—"In the modern state, he beholds a vision of a cult in which the complete unification of the sciences and arts is directed to the cultivation of the highest faculties in man in a civic environment in perfect harmony with that end." So Nature tells us.

So now we know what a "living religion" is. And that brings us back to the old and valuable rule that one should define one's terms before beginning to argue about them. What is religion? Our word comes from the Latin "religio," and there is no better consideration of that much discussed word than that which is given by the late Warde Fowler in his Religious Experience of the Roman People. Again and again in that book he points out that that people, more acutely in times of stress but nevertheless always, if at times less obviously, felt that there was something wrong between themselves and the great Power or powers controlling the universe and that the discord ought in some way to be rectified. It is a universal idea as any reader of Professor Jevons's great Introduction to the History of Religion will discover. Fowler accepts the words of an American writer, Mr. Howerth—"Religion is the effective desire to be in right relation to the Power manifesting itself in the universe," and he mentions with approval Professor Haddon's statement that there are two fundamental factors of religion—"the belief in some mysterious power, and the desire to enter into communication with the power by means of worship." Further he points to the 118 Psalm (119 in the Anglican order) as "the high-water mark of the religious feeling of the most religious people of antiquity." He calls it, as it is, "a magnificent declaration of conformity to the will of God, i. e., of the desire to be in right relation to Him, to his statutes, judgments, laws, commands, testimonies, righteousness. This is religion in a high state of development."

Not to pursue this matter of definition any further it may be said that with none of the expressions just quoted—with which most religious persons will find themselves in more or less agreement—can the definition of a "living religion" given by Mr. Branford fit in. Religion, as the Romans and others understood it was the idea that man should get himself right with his maker. In the other idea it would seem that his highest religion is to get his drains right for himself.

As to the other body of "modern churchmen" that term also seems a little strained. It would seem as if these persons, whose numbers may perhaps run even into the thousands, arrogate to themselves the sole title to be considered modern churchmen. Yet there are a good many millions of Catholics, not to speak of the Holy Orthodox Church and even the many Anglicans unattached to this very recently formed section, who after all are churchmen and being of today therefore necessarily modern. If these gentlemen had described themselves as what they are, namely modernists, everybody would know what they stand for but, somehow or another, they as little like to be thus de-

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scribed as the dealers in spooks like to be called spiritists. Their leader is the well-known Canon Barnes who has recently been appointed Bishop of Birmingham and thus achieved the miracle of bringing High and Low Church into union in opposition to his appointment, and those who are familiar with his discourse will understand that in his skilful hands the pill which Jones is to be called upon to swallow will be quite homeopathic in size.

At this congress there was delivered a discourse by Dr. J. S. Haldane, brother of Lord Haldane, the ex-Lord Chancellor of England, and as convinced a Hegelian as that nobleman who, it may be remembered, incurred considerable odium in the early part of the war from his statement that his spiritual home was in Germany. Dr. Haldane is also a very distinguished physiologist and a man who has never feared scientific opinion when he was in the right, or thought himself to be; for which he deserves all praise —but from the religious point of view he is a perfect example of Jones. "There are very many," he tells us in his address, "who, like myself, are kept away from existing churches by creeds and church services which they cannot honestly countenance, and perhaps a still larger number who are actively hostile because they regard churches as hotbeds of superstition."

There you have it in plain print! Whittle down your beliefs and perhaps you may catch Jones. "Obsolete details" of theological creeds, he tells us, must be discarded. And what are they? We are not told in this address, which winds up with a laudatio of Latimer, the writer's patron saint. But another recent work of the same writer tells us one of them. In Daedalus, interesting but disfigured by one really disgusting suggestion, we are informed that birth-control is one of the great discoveries of recent science. And what the enemy of that curse to the human race is we are also plainly told. Speaking of the Hindu attitude to cows—a part of their religion, as everybody knows —he says, and we may feel complimented by his delicate allusion to the oldest of all Christian Churches —"the extensive use of cow-dung in Indian religious ceremonies is disgusting to the average European. The latter, however, is insensitive to the equally loathsome injunctions of the Catholic Church with regard to human marriage. It would perhaps be better if both marriage and milking could be secularized." The exquisite taste of this remark does not conceal from us the fact that unbridled passion is one of the ideals of Jones's religion and that any church which points a better way is "obsolete" not to say "loathsome."

To get down to the kernel of the whole matter, Protestantism and its offshoots of the Jones type cannot understand anything but subjectivism in religion, nor has it ever contemplated any such thing as a corpus of objective truth. "What is truth," said Pilate and, as Bacon adds, "did not stay for a reply." If he had stayed for Jones, the only reply that worthy could give him is this—"Truth is the maximum sized religious pill that I can swallow."

A COMMUNICATION

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

TO the Editor:—May I ask the privilege of saying a final word in reply to the letter of Father Riggs, who accuses me of misquoting him or at least of misconstruing his words. When I wrote the letter no such idea or intention as he implies was in my mind.

I read his letter carefully, and I now ask your readers to read his article in the issue of November 26 and my letter in the issue of December 24 and judge for themselves if his words were misquoted or misconstrued. After discussing the several "accidental factors" that have complicated our religious problems and after discussing the Irish question and criticizing Irish-Americans for putting, as he says, an alien issue before the best interests of America and the Catholic Church as well, his final sentence is—"The real cause of the conflict, *nevertheless,* seems to be racial." What is the conflict of which he speaks, unless it be religious intolerance, and can any criticism be more severely unjust and untrue, to any race of people, dwelling in this country and giving to God and country the allegiance and support that the Irish-Americans have given, than Father Riggs passes upon them when he writes —"Their recent absorption in the disturbances of the mother country seemed not infrequently to put an alien political issue before the best interests of America and the Catholic Church." And again in his letter he returns to it when he writes—"The Americans of Irish birth or immediate ancestry are by many people considered—rightly or wrongly—to possess certain characteristics—which should not be ascribed to Catholics as such," an intimation more malicious than the written word could make it.

Yes, they have certain characteristics—good and bad, as have all the races in this country, English, German, French and Italian and others—but they certainly are not the characteristics prevalent in the divorce courts, nor was it to them President Emeritus Elliot of Harvard referred, when addressing the so-called higher strata, he condemned the slaughter of the innocents.

No such characteristics are theirs, but in their devotion to home, their loyalty to God and country, we find them so indelibly marked, they stand out with a prominence that does honor to their race and creed.

In my letter I acknowledged my inability to comprehend what Father Riggs meant by "higher strata" and "inherited culture," but in his letter he informs me that what he means by people of inherited culture are those to whom books on etiquette are necessarily humorous. I thought when I read his letter he was a little confused and failed to grasp the real meaning of the words. And as I visualize that polite bow with which he says he replies to my final charge of his failure to distinguish between real culture and snobbery, I am readily convinced there are some people of inherited culture and of the higher strata who take books on etiquette quite seriously.

REV. R. E. SHORTELL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Quo usque, Belasco—!

PERHAPS the most repellant task of a dramatic critic is to review or even to discuss the type of play that ought to be summarily suppressed. At first glance, the mere mention of it seems to partake of the nature of additional advertising, and to play directly into the hands of the management. But second thought shows this to be a fallacy. The immoral play, like the immoral book, becomes known over night—not alone by paid advertising, but by whispered comment, innuendo and by those who purchase dinner invitations at the price of "spicy" conversation. To this kind of covert advertising there is a certain glamor. It is suggestive and often misleading, whereas to take the same play by the throat and hang it up as a public spectacle of filth is at least honest and without illusion. From then on the responsibility is the reader's. He can no longer go to the play and soothe himself later by the sophistry —"I never thought it was as bad as that!"

Mr. David Belasco is the latest of the Broadway managers to pick up the filth of the continental stage and to spray it forth in New York in a cloud of purple incense. Mr. Belasco is getting old, and it is possible that like some older types of fountain pens, he spills over just before he runs dry. It is most unfortunate in any case that he did not retire last year and leave an averagely clean record behind him—by no means so perfect in this respect, perhaps, as his record of artistic production and expert stage direction, but at least in recent years a slim tolerable record. By doddering on another year, and adding The Harem to his list of plays, he has degraded himself more completely than the producers of the worst of the musical shows. He falls from a greater height, betrays a greater artistic trust, and his crash is more resounding and loathsome. For the producing of this play, Mr. Belasco should be driven into retirement forthwith.

It is time for the public to do some very clear and precise thinking about plays of this sort. It is so very easy to confuse the material or the theme of which a play treats with the manner of treating it.

Only recently one of the press agents said to me of a certain new production, "I don't know whether you will approve of this play, because it treats of a man who had no particular religion and just led his pagan life." Now I for one am thoroughly tired of maligning good pagans by plastering over their inclusive name all the filth of the late Roman Empire. Virgil was a pagan and Dante has given him a fitting shrine. A man can be a pagan and be material for a rattling good play. He can also be a professed Christian and behave so outrageously and cynically that he is fitting material only for the garbage heap.

There is not a character in The Harem (not even the maid) who thinks a pure or clean thought, or who has any other guide to life than expediency. Cheap cynicisms in costly surroundings, the usual effort to establish the technical innocence of the plot, and the coöperation of several capable actors who can mysteriously reconcile it with their good names to accept such parts—this is the sum and substance of The Harem. Anyone knowing the nature of the piece can purchase a ticket for it only with the knowledge that he is aiding a corrupt cause.

And again Belasco!

THE Belasco productions as a group seem to be suffering from a sort of collective halitosis. For not satisfied with the destructive cynicism of The Harem, Mr. Belasco has illustrated the other extreme possibility of poor taste— the pseudo romantic, sentimental and hypocritically "good" treatment of unworthy material—in Ladies of the Evening. This is a play to which I wish to be very fair, because there is a faint possibility that the author is 20 percent sincere in his effort to show that unselfish love and understanding can go far to redeem even a life that is ordinarily labeled "lost." But his choice of incidental material is so unnecessary to the artistic development of his theme, that I can attribute it only to malignant infection of insincerity in the author, or to his too close association with the senile and now thoroughly discredited ethics of Mr. Belasco.

Of the two kinds of hypocrisy—one that you can be as evil as you want if only you are cleverly obscene; and the other, that you can handle all the moral pitch you want if only you wash it with a soapy sermon—the latter has just this advantage and no more—you can smell the pitch from a longer distance and be warned. For the affront he has given to decency, to art and to even a low grade of intelligence, Mr. Belasco merits nothing more than to be flayed from the New York stage with the whip of utter scorn and oblivion.

New Brooms

FRANK CRAVEN has not feasted us as liberally this year in New Brooms as in that older and delightful comedy, The First Year. But he has furnished a very pleasant and clean evening—for which an offering of thanks is due—in which we follow the fortunes of a smiling and agreeable college youth who tries to show his acidly-tempered father how to run a business successfully. To make the task more entertaining, the father turns over to him not only the full management of the family business, but also the management of the household and the payment of all the family bills. The result—and this is where the comedy is somewhat feeble—is almost a foregone conclusion. The son it is who becomes acidified, who loses his friendly smile, whose ingrained generosity becomes tempered with disillusionment, and who greets the close of his year's probation with saddened eyes and wiser heart. A rather slender little romance is woven into the story, sufficient unto the occasion, perhaps, but not quite as credible as one might desire. Mr. Craven has written the play himself, and one wonders whether he has not been a little too modest in supplying himself with a theatric vehicle. Many of the lines are excellent, but the whole comedy moves rather too much on one level, and without any very keen suspense. This play will offer you ample diversion, but it is not one of the outstanding comedies of the season.

Annie Dear

MISS BILLIE BURKE emerges gracefully from a maze of complicated and rather footless situations to make Annie Dear a passably good evening's entertainment. I am convinced that if André Charlot had had an opportunity to

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prune this production, he could have given it far greater zest in the first and second acts. This is decidedly what it needs, for it has the other essential elements of a good standardized musical comedy—fair music, some most excellent dancing, and, in Mr. Marion Green, at least one singer of outstanding capacity. But ingredients alone do not suffice. The mixing is of first importance, and in this instance, Mr. Ziegfeld has not equaled many notable past performances. Fortunately the end is cast more in the form of a review, with spectacular dance numbers and a glamor of lights and costumes that echo the Midnight Frolic. So the end is happy if the beginning is slow, and as the superfluous characters of the play fade from view, the suspicion of a reasonable plot becomes clearly marked and gives you a reason for returning home contented if not violently elated.

Peter Pan on the Screen

A FEW weeks ago I had occasion to lament the Broadwayizing of Peter Pan in the stage version. Fortunately there is no such lament to make about the excellent screen version which has just appeared. Aside from the winsome and sprightly acting of Miss Betty Bronson as Peter, the producers have managed to retain to an astonishing degree the elfin poetry of Barrie's thought. They have done this by exquisite photography, by well selected titles, and by a faithful adherence to the essential minor incidents. It also adds much to have real children take the parts generally assigned to rather matured individuals in the stage version. This is an excellent film.

For Your List of Plays

The Mongrel—Remarkable acting by Rudolph Schildkraut.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play, with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
Conscience—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.
Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.
The Farmer's Wife—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.
Grounds for Divorce—A sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.
Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.
The Fake—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.
The Best People—An amusing play using trite material.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
Lazybones—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BOOKS

Recollections of a Happy Life, by Maurice Francis Egan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $4.00.

NEAR the close of May, 1878, Richard Watson Gilder had accepted two poems of mine for "Scribner's Monthly," and I was still in the mood of youthful exaltation that had followed what to me was seemingly a miraculous permission to enter the gateway of the literary world of my dreams when a copy of the magazine for June came to my hands. The other contents of that number of Scribner's were long since forgotten, but Maurice de Guérin, a sonnet by Maurice Francis Egan, still remains as definitely clear in my mind as it appeared on that far-off day when I first read it. It had, I thought, much of the Greek spirit that I was then hopefully striving to express in my attempts at verse-making, and I was greatly stirred by its beauty, and more than likely also a trifle envious. But Greek though I called it, it was pagan only in its outer symbols, for the sextet had closed on a deeply religious note that was the pronounced and unusual feature of its loveliness. Throughout his whole life, the note was to remain a constant factor in all the author's literary moods, as it was a moving force in his life itself.

In view of the lasting impression that the sonnet has had upon my mind, it was with unusual interest that I read in Egan's Recollections of a Happy Life his gleeful account of Matthew Arnold's approval of the sonnet, and his later puzzled concern on learning of the surroundings from which the poem had sprung. Thus Egan relates the incident—

"'Where are you from?' he asked me in a kindly tone.

"'From Philadelphia,' I answered him rather proudly.

"'And yet I find the sextet of your sonnet so fine,' he answered reproachfully."

I, too, as I have said, had considered it fine, as have many others, though it had never occurred to me that the birthplace of the author was a matter of significance. What was possibly in Arnold's mind when he learned where Egan had been bred, and hinted his concern at the inadequacy of Philadelphia as a literary cradle, was perhaps a vague wonder that so staid and conservative a community could have brought forth so cosmopolitan and assured an intellectual force as Egan appeared to be. I was still connecting him with the Maurice de Guérin sonnet when, on joining The Century staff seven years after the publication of the poem, I was to meet him for the first time, only to have all my preconceptions of him instantly swept away. The shy, meditative spirit that I had mentally visualized was not there. There was the joyous citizen of the world of exquisite courtesy, but lovable straightforwardness, who was to win my affection at that very first meeting, and hold it to the end of his long life.

At that first meeting, nevertheless, and at many subsequent meetings, I could not place him at all. I felt at once his personal charm, the flattering warmth of his friendliness, with his instant acceptance of me as a fellow-poet of even greater promise than I had ever mentally dared to hope to become even at the most optimistic moments; but he himself was an elusive spirit, a brilliant figure of romance whose status in the world of men I could not fix. Though only two or three years older than I, mentally he appeared immeasurably older—older indeed than most of his associates—so assured was his approach to the cosmopolitan world of letters, so broad was his knowledge, so keen his judgment. Beside him, even the best of his contemporaries appeared parochial.

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Something of this was perhaps merely a facile gift for expression, an alertness to create atmosphere about every salient promontory of thought that gave it the appearance of regional completeness. Something more came from his temperament. He possessed, indeed, the genius of the whole Irish race for conversation in the true sense of the word: intuition, a zest for life, an instant sense of humor, and the ability to take as well as to give. He would have been irked by formal theses, an orderly summary of causes and events set down with historical precision. That to him would be tedious, and tediousness for him was impossible.

No one knowing him, therefore, could take up his Recollections of a Happy Life with the expectation of finding a precise and formal autobiography. Thus the book of his memories is a glorified conversation, a series of such mental pictures, more or less related to his life or thought, as he had found amusing or interesting in the course of his eager and joyous passage through the world. Necessarily, there are long lapses in the story; the ordinary connecting-links of the high moments in his career have not concerned him at all. Yet he never ignores matters because they have harassed him; his Celtic humor has merely transformed them into remembered joys, and a joke on himself sends him forever after chuckling on his way.

Poet, literary man, student, and teacher through many years of his life, he nevertheless had no predilection for cloistered retreats, and it is to his associations with men that his volume is mainly devoted. Frequently frank to the point of audacity, there is never a sting in his comments, his fine breeding in social intercourse carrying its disarming charm even into his most daring gossip and retorts.

The picture of his childhood is delightful. A lovable man, he must have been a lovable boy, and one who knew him well can easily understand the complete sympathy that existed between himself and his parents. His very frankness concerning certain parental prejudices only makes more pronounced the common love and trust that held the household together with cords that bound, but were always cherished. He gives us pleasant glimpses of the incongruously staid, yet worldly, life in the Philadelphia of his youth, with eyes keenly alive to the characteristics of the period. He pictures the Washington and New York of somewhat later dates with equal discrimination, and one finds humor, frankness, and good-will in his recital of his career as a professor at Georgetown and Notre Dame. The life of an instructor could hardly have suited a man of his temperament, but his unfailing humor carried him lightly through all his trials, which undoubtedly prepared him for the great task that still lay before him.

It is manifest that he thoroughly enjoyed the trust that three Presidents reposed in him as a personal and more or less secret adviser concerning matters bearing upon the relations between his church and the government. No one could have been more adequately fitted for the task. Loyal and devoted a churchman as he was, he could never have been shortsighted or partisan. He would hold the common good of both church and government in a just balance.

It was with strong reluctance that he accepted the ministry to Denmark, though he must have felt a certain pleasure in the thought that it was a task for which in temperament, intellect, and wide knowledge of European affairs he was fitted in a preëminent degree. He retained the post at Copenhagen from 1907 to 1918, the longest term ever served by an American in one diplomatic position, retiring at last because of ill health. All the world knows how admirably he performed his duties at the most difficult period in the history of diplomatic relations.

More than a third of his Recollections is devoted to this period of his life, and is the most completely rounded portion of his whole narrative. It is a vivid picture, keen, gracious, discriminating, and with an undertone of tragedy running through all the sparkling recital of life in that whispering gallery of Europe in war-time—Copenhagen.

Egan returned to America seriously ill, to be greeted by nothing but praise for his notable work abroad. Rightly he should have rested on his laurels and given his few remaining years to rest. But his active mind could not be idle; he wrote constantly, and always with the old zest for life, the old humor, the old charm. His volume is happily dedicated—"To all my friends." His "friends" were all who ever knew him, for he above all men I ever knew was a bearer of joy and a knightly Christian.

L. Frank Tooker.

The Peasants: Autumn, by Ladislas St. Reymont. Translated by Michael Dziewicki. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN the new Europe of Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia, of Yugo-Slavia and Poland and Latvia and Lithuania, the peasant himself has become master. To the American ear news of this sort is exhilarating. If the long oppressed peasant of Europe rises today, we cheer—unless, as in Russia, he rises only to run amuck and kill; in which case we are horrified, and let it go at that. It does not occur to us to inquire into the life and history of this peasant, to find out why, on the one hand, he kills; or whether, on the other, he is qualified to fill a place among the rulers of men. We take him for granted. We have known him as a picturesque figure, revealed to us by a Millet perhaps, saying his Angelus, bending over his back-breaking hoe; or we have some vague impression of him as a colorful figure who carves beautiful things in wood or makes quaint pottery, while his women folk weave bright-hued rugs out of the wool of his flocks or exquisite lace out of the flax of his fields. That is the European peasant for us, a remote and inarticulate creature set in the background of the old world picture, colored of the soil, blending into the horizon as the earth he tills blends into his native skies.

But the peasant of Europe is much more than a decoration in the modern scene, and his rise in our day is far more than a spectacle fitted merely to give us a new thrill and a new chance to talk platitudes about the fall of kings and the spread of democracy. He is at the present moment, in fact, a world personage with power to shape the future of whole peoples and power to say the word for peace or war. It will pay us to take a long look at him, to measure him and see how he is qualified to fill the new place he is taking in international politics.

When the Germans drove the Russians out of Poland in 1915 and settled themselves for a permanent occupation of that country, the officials of the invading army, keen to every factor that would enable them to govern with the greatest facility and the most profit, set themselves the task of making a psychological study of the people they were to rule. Perhaps, in the rôle of occupier in other lands, the Teuton had learned some expensive lessons in the art of understanding the masses he was subjugating. At any rate, in Poland the German was determined to "know his job." The first thing

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of which he made himself aware was the fact that this was distinctly a peasant people he had to deal with. He decided, then, to find out what sort of a fellow this Polish peasant was. There were many ways of finding out; and the German, be sure, with his traditional thoroughness, used them all. But he hit on one way that was unique: he would read the peasant in his own peasant idiom. Among other things, pursuing this policy, he discovered a certain book in Polish called Chlopi (The Peasants)—he had known this book, in fact, before he came; for it had been translated into German—and this work he soon came to recognize as exactly what he wanted in making his researches into the psychology of the man of the soil. Forthwith it was a mandate that every officer in the German army of occupation in Poland should read Chlopi and make a digestive report on it.

If the German had remained in Poland, he undoubtedly would have profited by the study of that book. But he did not stay; the Armistice in the West rudely interrupted his dream of Eastern Empire. He withdrew—of necessity. And the peasant, whom he had thought to drill into the good Teutonic mold, himself became the ruler. Today the peasant is in the majority in the Polish national legislature; the destinies of some thirty millions of people are virtually in his hands. And likewise his neighbor peasants, in Czecho-Slovakia, in Yugo-Slavia, in Finland and Latvia and Lithuania, voting and governing, are sitting in the council chambers and holding at times even the highest legislative offices. Now, more than the relationship of occupying German and subject peasant is involved in the study of the "common man" of Europe. It will pay us also to read him in his own idiom, as he articulates himself.

Chlopi—The Peasants—as may be guessed from the German verdict, is more than a novel; to use a much hackneyed book-phrase of the day, it is a "document." And it is more than a document of the Polish peasant. In a measure it reveals the psychology of the whole peasant race of Europe—for they are almost a race by themselves, these children of the soil. It is a literary masterpiece; its selection not long ago as the Nobel Prize novel of the year is sufficient proof of that. But it is also a serious and authentic contribution to human history and an illuminating sidelight on one of the big political factors of the times. While its author, Ladislas Reymont, is not himself a peasant, in the exact meaning of the term, he is of such rural origin and has himself so lived the life of the toiler, that he speaks with absolute authority.

The plan of Reymont's book is in itself a stroke of subjective genius. It is written from the inside, it is not the peasant on exhibition, shown to us by a sympathetic recorder, but the peasant himself, speaking. It is the furrow turning and the seed sprouting, ripening and harvested, through the full cycle of the year. In the original, the book is divided into four parts, Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer; and though only one part of it is so far available in English, those of us who know the book in Polish can easily confirm the impression which the reading of the first volume in translation gives—that it is truly a great work. The scale of it is large; there is a noble elemental gesture to it, the gesture of the peasant in his big simplicity. It has repose and reserve force, and though terribly realistic, there is not a forced passage or a sensational word in its whole makeup. It has the flavor of the soil in it, and all the quiet and command of a plow turning the sod; the patience of pinewood horizons endlessly bounding the level scene; of rain that pours for long heavy days, drenching field and thatch and swelling stream and pond until the world swims and the waters roar—and then, again, of sun that floods and fructifies the earth; immense heat, immense light, lifting the earth, drawing the soil and the soul of the peasant until they sing together.

It is in his revelation of that soul, singing or suffering, revivified or drowned in tears, that Reymont reveals his powers as an artist. We know that he is an artist, trained for years in the craft of literature. We know that he devoted four years to the writing of this one work. But over and above this there is a power expressed in the book that neither craftsmanship nor exacting care could account for. Reymont the poet, producing this epic of the peasant, is the peasant himself—all the peasants of Europe, with their age-old patiences and sorrows and joys, reincarnated into one. He is the peasant at his potato digging, at his village fair, at his betrothal feast and his wedding carouse, and at the grave, returning to the soil he has colored with the very pigments of his heart. He is, in the story he tells, old Boryna, the lusty widower, who treasures the coral beads of his dead wives—with what reticence that grim, pathetic, furtive touch is given!—against the day when he will choose another strong-limbed comely woman to share his bed. He is Antek, the rebellious son, who toils year in and year out like a slave, bound to the paternal soil, all the time cherishing a dark dream of passion in his heart, and in the end turning futilely, in impotent fury, against soil and father both. He is old Agatha, broken by the years, starting out once more to beg her bread along the road, because there is no room for her any more in her kinsfolks' house, since the new calf and the goslings must be sheltered for the winter. He is Dominikova, the sharp-eyed, sure-footed mother, who carefully calculates the best marriage for her buxom girl, loving that girl with a primitive passion of idolatry, and ruling her sons at the same time like an iron queen. He is Yagna, the girl herself, deep-bosomed, warm-blooded, all the fire and wonder of unawakened womanhood surging through her veins and into her bright pleasure-loving eyes. He is Kuba, pitiable dog-like figure, dying in the stable while the floor of the cottage across the yard drums with the beat of the wedding dance. He is the bitter-tongued Yagustynka, scoffing at love and God, ground down to the hard bone of stark realism by a long life of unrewarded toil; and he is the village priest, worshipped by his people, ruling them with strong love, and keeping the God whom the scoffer derides still a living force in their hearts.

Such a book needs no plot. Its plot is the plot of human life itself, man's immemorial struggle to live, to wrest his substance from the soil and to rise, little by little, in the consciousness of his right to enjoy more than a mere animal existence. Back of the peasant, as Reymont reveals him, always present but never seen, is that second force, other than the soil, which shapes his destiny—the social force, the force which rules. Here that force is impersonated by the landlord; rather, the landlord's agent, the representative of the man who has already risen. He is here, strong in his possessions, driving the peasants' cattle from his meadows, whipping the cowherd for letting the beasts graze in the forbidden field, shooting the poacher, selling the forest—"My forest," the peasant says—deaf to all the cries of the underling against injustice. Between the two—the soil that must be slaved in and the master who must be slaved for—Reymont, with the big impartiality of the true artist, shows us the peasant, struggling on, still human against the dehumanizing forces that crush him, canny

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and simple, foolish and wise, hard and tender, greedy and generous; as implacable as any master when power falls to him, ambitious to rise above his fellows, eager for learning, for his children if not for himself . . . praying, loving, hating, working his way up. It is the story of man, emerging from the soil, from the byre, the hut, rising step by step to take his place in the sun.

This is the panorama of peasant life that Reymont gives us. When we read his pages we know the peasant to the core, this primitive man who today in good part is governing Eastern Europe, the corner stone of world peace. In his hut, at his plow, he has his undeniable qualities; we could admire him, love him—in a rural romance. But what of him when we see him today, by a sudden turn of Providence, set in the high places? Is to know him now only to fear him? What have we done, what has the world that has risen and ruled, done to prepare this man for his new rank? Two or three centuries ago, Skarga, the great Jesuit prophet of Poland, warned the Pans and Lords that some day they would reap the whirlwind unless they looked to see the soul in the serf. Now the day of the serf is here. In Russia the whirlwind has raged for years. How shall it be in other countries?

To anyone who has lived in the lands of the peasant there is one answer: it is given in that figure of the parish priest which Reymont, with consummate art, with perfect reticence of touch and stroke, has created in his novel. No one who looks, even superficially, at such a country as Poland, can fail to see that there is, in that land at least, one saving factor—the Christian faith, deeply imbedded in the soul of the toiler. With all his ignorance, all his crudeness, all his awakened sense of social injustice, the peasant of Poland is still a Christian. He has never taken his hand out of the Hand of God. His philosophy of life is sound; he has proved it already in his ability to withstand all the blandishments of materialism and Bolshevism, the things that have wrecked his brothers in Russia. But what of all his other brothers in still other lands? And what of himself, even in Poland, favored though he be there by strong faith and safeguarded by a long tradition of ultimate justice? Will the peasant keep the Faith? Or will power spoil him and the lust of power destroy him?

He is the most interesting figure in the world scene today, this peasant, this crude, sharp, long-driven man of the soil. It will profit us to weigh him and measure him.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Impressions and Comments, by Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A DIARY merely in form, this book is an assemblage of short essays—half a page to two or three pages—on all sorts of subjects. Perhaps the most interesting, and very characteristic, is a little chapter on the Mass, which is dated June 28, 1913, and occurs about the middle of the volume. It is beautifully written, sympathetic, even reverential, but after all, it is futile and unmeaning because it assumes to be spiritual while denying the soul.

It grows out of observing the magnificence with which the great traditional rite of Christianity is celebrated in Barcelona and Dr. Ellis very truly thinks it desirable that "the churches of Catholicism continue to be the arena of such sacred opera."

Really he does not mean to be profane; he is afflicted with a mental aberration in the field of religious instinct somewhat akin to color blindness. He does not think the Mass "need necessarily be maintained as a religious office." But even if sincerity as to its sacred character failed the ceremony "would remain as an art . . . the embodied summary of a great ancient tradition."

But why? Because it "has been wrought through centuries out of the finest intuitions, the loftiest aspirations . . . of the most sensitively spiritual men," and even when faith and trust are eliminated, the religious "superstition," it will become "clearly visible as the Divine Drama it is, the embodied presentation of the Soul's Great Adventure." It is almost unnecessary to point out the paradox in this sort of language. If there be no real divinity in a tradition, an observance, if the element of faith, the devotional meaning be taken out of it, the supernatural afflatus removed, how can it have spiritual significance, how can it be either an exercise of or a nourishment to the soul?

Contradictions of this sort are the misfortune of Havelock Ellis's writings whenever he passes beyond the bounds of material things. He has many high and fine qualities as a man and a writer, learning, power of observation, sense of beauty, love of humanity. He has even spiritual cravings. But he has no spiritual conviction. His grasp of things ends with the material world and for this reason the profit to be gained from his books is distressingly narrowed to the immediate pleasure of reading them. They lead nowhere; they help us to no wide realm of thought and hope beyond everyday experience; the only future to which they point is a stifling negation.

This tragic aspect of a wide and, in the temporal sense, genial thinker's work is all the more to be regretted because of the attraction of his style and the allurement of many of his reflections. There is his love of Spain, for instance. A good many pages of this book have to do with his visits to Barcelona and other parts of the country, and the pictures he gives are always full of charm like the paintings of Sorolla or of quaint character like those of Zuloaga. Thus he makes us see the Catalonian city radiant by day and glittering by night, as its gay people celebrate the Eve of St. John with processions and dances, with fireworks and illuminations and songs. But again we see the family of tailors, two men, two women and two girls working in one room from half-past seven in the morning to late in the night, appallingly shut in but always humorous and talkative and munching casually between stitches.

Then there is a fine passage about the Bible account of the visit of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. "It was an incident described by a saint who was also a poet," he says. In another place, he dwells on the beauty of the idea of the mother whose Child had no father save God. And he has "no sympathy with those who look upon the Bible as an outworn book and the Church as an institution whose symbols are empty of meaning."

In art, he is oddly contradictory. He prefers Perugino to Raphael, because—differing from the world at large—he finds in the latter a spiritual vacuity in spite of his "gracious plenitude of accomplishment, copious facility, immense variety, beauty of draftsmanship and felicity of decorative design"—again the paradox. But similarly he belabors Beethoven on the ground that he "broke up music," and is " a Satan among musicians, a fallen angel in the darkness who is perpetually seeking to fight his way back to happiness." In view of these criticisms, it is not surprising to find a discussion of perfection as quite an undesirable thing, destructive of beauty whether of mind or body. "Imperfection is essential to beauty." But so is immorality to morals, we find in another place; it is not

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necessarily true that morality is good or bad nor immorality either.

Dr. Ellis has written much on the sex question, almost altogether from a physiological point of view. In Impressions and Comments he has little to say on the subject, and that not very topsy-turvey; but of nuditarianism as an element in art and life, there is rather too much. Naturally, the paradoxical point of view prevails and were it not for climatic considerations we might be led to believe that those who are dressed the least are the most completely clothed.

Perhaps this book, like many of its predecessors from the same pen, may be said to have its highest utility in indirection. As it is largely a tissue of contradictions itself, it seems to excite a spirit of contradiction. It is certainly stimulating to thought. It covers scores, even hundreds of topics—a majority of which are well worth while. It places them on a high intellectual or critical plane. The images, the pictures are uplifting; the logic is interesting often because it is so wrongheaded or at best inconclusive. It provokes truth in the reader's mind in a spirit of rejoinder, and to do this is a useful function.

JAMES LUBY.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Old Ladies, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

HUGH WALPOLE has departed from the customary subjects of fiction. He has turned to the winter of life—the wintry days of three old ladies—though it is not so much discontent as disappointment. For in them still burn latent fires of life, amid their polite poverty and social loneliness. On the top floor of a lodging house in Pontippy Square, when they are not pitying one another, their days are peopled with phantoms of memory and dying hopes. From their uneventful lives Walpole has fashioned a fascinating story. It is a touching drama of psychologic conflicts and fears, played against a dour background, shadowy and foreboding in its immobility and impenetrable fate. Walpole is saying that it is hard to be alone with old age; but he suggests, rather than indicates, his pathos. He has written with a finesse of craft and avoided sentimentality. His old ladies remain etched in our memory through the subtlety of his characterizations, with their haunting delicacy and fragile beauty.

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00

THIS is a novel of post-war conditions in England and France. The contrasting of national characteristics and the groping for a common understanding constitute the story with its developing love idyll. No vulgar parade of the difference between French and English temperament is set forth; but the story is developed with a subtle interplay. We have the charming background of Heathside—Oxford for a short period—and the French town of Les Chardonnerets. It is faultlessly constructed with a flexible style, happily wed to the spirit of the novel, with its sensitive feeling for form, color, light and shade. It is a fine piece of writing that leaves us unmoved. For us its pristine style, so well adapted to subject, with its economy of effect, sparkle, and charm, never quite makes the story come to life.

EDWIN CLARK.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Tittivillus noiselessly entered the library, whither the Editor, Dr. Angelicus, and Primus Criticus had fled, post-press day, for silence and relaxation. Tongue protruding in his most contemplative fashion, he surveyed them, each intent on a book. Resolving to learn what the staff nourished their minds on in leisure hours, he tiptoed up behind their various backs. His first shock came with the Editor whom he discovered to be absorbed in a cross-word puzzle. The scholarly Dr. Angelicus was lost in When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne, and Primus Criticus was entranced by an ancient volume of Godey's Lady's Book.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

High time they were interrupted, he thought, as he noisily threw a brief case full of manuscripts on the table.

"The postman just brought these, and collected $4.00 excess postage," he announced. "Miss Anonymoncule begs for immediate decision on them."

Then he fled, possessed of a curious psychic premonition that something was about to hit him. Wearily the Editor opened the brief case.

"Shades of Spencerian penmanship," he muttered, as he unfolded the manuscripts, which were all written in long-hand. "From England—a land where the typewriter still roams at large, wild, untrapped, untamed—a land of scriveners and writer's cramp."

And with discouragement he surveyed what had once been a blank book, but was now covered with pen and ink hieroglyphics.

"Might just as well be cunieform," growled Dr. Angelicus, looking over his shoulder. "A punishment to fit the crime would be to publish these authors exactly as we are able to read their manuscripts, regardless of whether they make sense or not. Here, I will read a few paragraphs aloud just as this pen-fiend's characters appear to me—Tittivillus!" he roared. The imp's head appeared in the doorway. "Take this in shorthand—copy for the printer."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Then, adjusting his spectacles, he began—

" 'As time went on, she would ash hersel if she wuld have really loved him. She knew that she had not accepted him because of his ranh'—(ranch? or rank?) 'They had not been old friends, though she had specific gromitis—a very pleasant cheerful intimacy. She liked his honesty, enthusiasm, his man tarnished good heart. Probably, she confessed at last, she had not known what that sort of love was. She had certainly saved her father much borrow. . . .' 'Is it nice inside? Outside it is rather fishnetting, don't you sink? Sir Newton Tunafish has been here twice since we taxied to Europe, and then we happened to be bored. Sir Robert assumed an air of symport. He knew that she had lost her father at the same time that she had tusked her lover. Hortense was no longer a hoyden—her head in the butter stage was undoubtedly pained. . . . 'Count, I trust to your humor not to betray me' . . . . 'Darling, you look more beautiful in other dunes I have seen you wear' . . . . 'His face was intelligent, his manner, cushion. His legs not quite long enough for preposition. His features not ugly because of mush character—' "

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Help!" cried the Editor and Primus Criticus in a breath.

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And presently, like the snowflake on the river, a moment there—then gone forever—the manuscripts had all disappeared.

❧ ❧ ❧

Then said Primus Criticus—

"Friendships have been wrecked, thrones have tottered and dynasties have crashed because of illegible writing. An erstwhile friend of the divine Sarah's once wrote of her in a letter—'Bernhardt of course will welcome you. She is a lady of erratic temperament.' But he was a poor penman, and the word before temperament looked like 'erotic.' The letter fell into the hands of Bernhardt, and well—the writer lost a friend."

❧ ❧ ❧

"Yet there are people who claim to read character from hand-writing," said the Editor, "and will condemn a man from the way he forms his 's's and 'a's—which seems as sensible a test as the ones put to witches in Salem days. Moral—Always use a typewriter."

"I knew a parson once," said Angelicus reflectively, "who had a correspondence school courtship. He chose his bride before he had met her because of the character she displayed in her hand-writing."

"Since we are told that men love women only for, and as long as they retain, their ineluctable mystery, I can well believe it," said Primus Criticus.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

Loneliness

I never heard a lonelier thing:
'Twas not the weeping of a child,
'Twas not a mother sorrowing,
Or maid abandoned, shrieking wild.

I sat above the city street,
While all the night was slumbering;
A girl laughed—silence, then, complete;
I never heard a lonelier thing.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

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